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THERE'S BEAUTY EVERYWHERE.

BY E. P. M.

There's ne'er a day but in the grass
Sweet blossoms may be found;
The snow may fall around our feet
And cover all the ground;
But earth is wide, and somewhere near
The buds to blossoms grow,
And all the woods and fields are bright
With summer's golden glow.

The heart which craves the beautiful
May well be satisfied;
It basks in joys none others see,
For beauty's realm is wide.
A swallow's flight, a feathery cloud,
A tuft of bending grass,
Can stir the pulse and light the eye
As on our way we pass.

A Darkened Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "DORA THORNE," "AT WAR WITH HERSELF," "LOVE FOR A DAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

YEARS ago Adrian Darcy had heard something of Lady Vaughan's half-expressed wish that he should marry her granddaughter. He had laughed at it at the time; but now he remembered it with a sensation of acute pleasure. His had been a busy life; he had studied hard—had carried off some of the highest honors of his college—and, after leaving Oxford, had devoted himself to literary pursuits.

He had written books which caused him to be pronounced one of the most learned scholars in England. He had cared little for the frivolities of fashion—they had not interested him in the least—yet his name was a tower of strength in the great world.

Between Adrian Darcy and the ancient Barony of Chandon there was but the present Lord Chandon, an old infirm man, and his son, a sickly boy. People all agreed that sooner or later Adrian must succeed to the estates; great therefore was the welcome he received in Vanity Fair. Mothers presented their fairest daughters to him; fair faced girls smiled their sweetest smiles when he was present; beautiful women tried all their blandishments; but all was in vain—the world and the worldly did not please Adrian Darcy. He cared more for his books than for woman's looks; he had never felt the least inclination to fall in love until he met Hyacinth Vaughan.

It was not her beauty that charmed him, although he admitted it was greater than he had ever seen. It was her youth, her simplicity, her freedom from all affectation, the entire absence of all worldliness, the charm of her fresh, sweet romance, that delighted him.

She said what she thought, and she expressed her thoughts in such beautiful, eloquent words that he delighted to listen to them. He was quite unused to such frank, sweet, candid simplicity—it had all the charms of novelty for him.

He had owned to himself, at last, that he loved her—that life without her would be a dreary blank.

"If I had never met her," he said to himself, "I should never have loved any one. In all the wide world she is the only one for me." He wondered whether he should speak to her yet of this love. "She is like some shy, bright bird," he said to himself, "and I am afraid of startling her. She is so simple, so child-like, in spite of her romance and poetry, that I am half afraid."

His manner to her was so chivalrous that it was like the wooing of some gracious king. She contrasted him over and over again with Claude—Claude, who had respected her girlish ignorance and inexperience so little.

So the sunny days glided by in a dream of delight. Adrian spent all his time with them; and one day Lady Vaughan asked him what he thought of his chance of succeeding to the Barony of Chandon.

"I think," he replied, slowly, "that sooner or later it must be mine."

"Do you care much for it?" she asked. "Old people are always inquisitive, Adrian—you must forgive me."

"I care for it in one sense," he replied; "but I cannot say honestly that title or rank gives me any great pleasure. I would rather be Adrian Darcy than Baron Chandon of Chandon. But, Lady Vaughan, I will tell you something that I long for, that I covet and desire."

"What is it?" she asked, looking at the handsome face, flushed, eager, and excited.

"It is the love of Hyacinth," he answered. "I love her—I have never seen any one so simple, so frank, so clever, so spirituelle. I love her as I never thought to love any woman. If I do not marry her, I shall never marry any one. I have your permission, I know; but she is so shy, so coy, I am afraid to speak to her. Do you think I have any chance, Lady Vaughan?"

She raised her fair old face to his.

"I do," she replied. "Thanks to our care, the girl's heart is like the white leaf of a lily. No shadow has ever rested on her. She has not been flirted with and talked about. I tell you honestly, Adrian, that the lilies in the garden are not more pure, more fair, or fresh than she."

"I know it," he agreed; "and, Heaven helping me, I will so guard and shield her that no shadow shall fall over her."

"She has never had a lover," continued Lady Vaughan. "Her life has been a most secluded one."

"Then I shall try to win her," he said; and when he had gone away Lady Vaughan acknowledged that the very desire of her heart was near to being gratified.

* * * * * *

It may be that Hyacinth Vaughan read Adrian Darcy's determination in his face, for she grew so coy and frightened that had he not been brave he would have despaired. If by accident she raised her eyes and met his glance, her face burned and her heart beat; when he spoke to her, it was with difficulty she answered him. She had once innocently and eagerly sought his society—she had loved to listen to him while he was talking to Lady Vaughan—she had enjoyed being with him as the flowers before the sunlight.

But something was awake in her heart and soul which had been sleeping until now. When she saw Adrian, her first impulse was to turn aside and fly, no matter whither, because of the sweet pain his presence caused her. He met her one morning in the broad corridor of the hotel; she looked fresh and bright, fair and sweet as the morning itself. Her face flushed at his coming: she stopped, half undecided whether to go on or turn and fly.

"Hyacinth," he said, holding out his hand in greeting, "it seems an age since I have had any conversation with you. Where do you hide yourself? What are you always doing?"

Then he paused and looked at her—admiration, passion, and tenderness unspeakable in his eyes. She little knew how fair a picture she represented in her youthful loveliness and timidity—how graceful and pure she was in her girlish embarrassment.

"Have you not one word of greeting, Hyacinth? It is the morning of a fresh day. I have not seen you since the noon of yesterday. Speak to me—after your own old bright way. Why, Hyacinth, what has changed you? We used to laugh all the summer day through, and now you give me only a smile. What has changed you?"

She never remembered what answer she made him, nor how she escaped. She remembered nothing until she found herself in her own room, her heart beating, her face dyed with burning blushes, and her whole soul awake and alarmed.

"What has changed me?" she asked herself. "What has come over me? I know—I know. I love him!"

She fell on her knees and buried her face in her hands—she wept passionately.

"I love him," she said—"oh, Heaven, make me worthy to love him!"

She knelt in a kind of waking trance, a wordless ecstasy. She loved him: her heart was awake, her soul slept no more. That was why she dreaded yet longed to meet him—why his presence gave her pain that was sweeter than all joy.

This paradise she had gained was what, in her blindness and folly, she had flown from; and she knew now, as she knelt there, that, had all the treasures of earth been offered to her, had its fairest gifts been laid at her feet, she would have selected this from them.

In the first tumult of her happiness she did not ask herself whether he cared for her or not—that was to come afterwards; at present her whole soul was engrossed with this one idea that she loved him.

At last the great joy, the great mystery, the crowning pleasure of woman's life was hers. She called to mind all that the poets had written of love. Was it true? Ah, no! It fell a thousand fathoms short. Such happiness, such joy as made music in her heart could not be told in words; and her face burned again as she remembered the feeble sentiment she had dignified by the name of love.

Now that she understood herself, she knew that it was impossible she could ever have loved Claude Lennox; he had not enough grandeur or nobility of character to attract her.

When she went down to the salon, Sir Arthur and Adrian were alone; she fled like a startled fawn. He was to dine with them that day, and she spent more time than usual over her toilette. How could she make herself fair enough in the eyes of the man who was her king? Very fair did she look, for amongst her treasures she had found an old-fashioned brocade, rich, heavy, and beautiful, and it was trimmed with rich point lace. The ground was white, with small rosebuds embroidered on it.

The fair rounded arms and white neck shone out fairer even from the white dress; a few pearls that Lady Vaughan had given her shone like dew-drops in the fair hair. She looked both long and anxiously in the mirror, so anxious was she to look well in his eyes.

"Miss Vaughan grows quite difficult to please," said Pincott to her mistress, later on; and Lady Vaughan smiled.

"There may be reasons," she returned; "we have all been young once—we must not quite forget what youth is like. Ah! —there is the dinner-bell."

But, as far as the mere material dinner was concerned, Adrian did not show to great advantage; it was impossible to eat while that lovely vision in white brocade sat opposite to him.

"She flies from me—she avoids me," he said; "but she shall listen. I have tamed white doves—I have made the wildest, brightest song-birds love and eat from my hands. She shall love me too."

He could not succeed in inducing her to look at him; when he spoke, she answered, but the sweet eyes were always downcast.

"Never mind. She shall look at me yet," he thought.

After dinner he asked her to sing. She saw with alarm that if she did so she would be alone with him—for the piano was at the extreme end of the room. So she excused herself, and he understood perfectly the reason why.

"Will you play at chess?" he asked.

Not for the wealth of India could she have managed it.

"I shall win you," his eyes seemed to say. "You may try to escape. Flutter your bright wings, my pretty bird; it is all in vain."

Then he asked her if she would go out into the grounds. She murmured some few words of apology that he could hardly hear. A sudden great love and sweetest pity for her youth and her timidity came over him. "I will be patient," he said to himself; "the shy bright birds shall not be startled. In time she will learn not to be so coy and timid."

So he turned away and asked Sir Arthur if he should read the leading articles from the Times to him, and Sir Arthur gratefully accepted the offer. Lady Vaughan, with serenely composed face, went to sleep.

Hyacinth stole gently to the window; she wanted no books, no music; a fairy-land was unfolded before her, and she had not half explored it. She only wanted to be quite alone, to think over and over again how wonderful it was that she loved Adrian Darcy.

"Come out," the dewy sleepy flowers seemed to say; "Come out," sang the birds; "Come out," whispered the wind, bending the tall magnolia trees and spreading abroad sweet perfume. She looked round the room; Lady Vaughan was fast asleep, Sir Arthur listening intently, and Adrian reading to him.

"No one will miss me," she thought.

She took up a thin shawl that was lying near, opened the long window very gently, and stepped out. But she was mistaken; some one did miss her, and that some one was Adrian. No gesture, no movement of hers ever escaped him. She was gone out into the sweet dewy fragrant gloaming, and he longed to follow her.

He read on patiently until—oh, pleasant sight!—he saw Sir Arthur's eyes begin to close. He had purposely chosen the driest articles, and had read slowly until the kind god Morpheus came to his aid, and Sir Arthur slept.

Then Adrian rose and followed Hyacinth. The band was playing at the further end of the gardens, and Mozart's music came floating through the trees.

"Whither is she gone?" he said. There was no trace of the white brocade. He looked between the trees.

"She is gone to hear the music," he thought. He went across the gardens, to where the great fountains were throwing their spray high into the air. Groups of ladies sat in the pleasant gloaming, listening to the music. He spoke to one or two, and saluted others, but could not see the sweet face of Hyacinth Vaughan.

"Where is she?" he asked himself. He had been impatient when he quitted the salon—that impatience had grown into a fever now. He went round the grounds—he looked into the pretty summer-houses, the rustic arbors; there was no Hyacinth.

Suddenly he bethought himself of her favorite spot—the vine-grove that led to the waterfall.

"She is sure to be there," he said. His heart beat, his pulses thrilled, every nerve seemed strung with impatience.

It was such a dim pleasant light under the vines, and the music of the dripping water was so sweet. His instinct had not deceived him; something white was gleaming by the rock.

He walked with quiet steps. She was sitting watching the falling waters, looking so fair and lovely in that dim green light. He could contain himself no longer; he sprang forward and caught her in his arms.

"I have found you at last, Hyacinth," he said—"I have found you at last!"

CHAPTER XII.

HYACINTH Vaughan turned round in startled fear and wonder, and then she saw her lover's face, and knew by her womanly instinct what was coming. She made no effort to escape; she bent like a frightened, half-scared bird, but now a great calm came over her, a solemn and beautiful gladness.

"Hyacinth, forgive me," he said—"I have been looking for you so long. Oh, my darling, if ever the time should come that I should look for you and not find you, what should I do?"

In this, one of the happiest moments of his life, there came to him a presentiment of evil—one of those sharp, sudden, subtle instincts for which he could never account—a sense of darkness, as though the time were coming when he should look for that dear face and not find it, listen for the beloved voice and not hear it—when he should call in vain for his love, and no response meet his ears. All this passed through his mind in the few moments that he held her in his arms and looked in her pure faultless face.

"Have I startled you?" he asked, seeing how strangely pale and calm it had grown. "Why have you been so cruel to me, Hyacinth? Did you not know that I have been seeking you all day, longing for five minutes with you? For, Hyacinth, I want to ask you something. Now you are trembling—see how unsteady these sweet hands are. I do not want to frighten you, darling; sit down here and let us talk quietly."

They sat down, and for a few moments a deep silence fell over them, broken only by the ripple of the water and the sound of distant music.

"Hyacinth," said Adrian, gently, "I little thought, when I came here four short weeks since, thinking of nothing but of reading three chapters of Goethe before breakfast, that at this fall I should find my fate—the fairest and sweetest fate that ever man found. I believe that I loved you then—at that first moment—as dearly as I love you now. You seemed to creep into my heart and nestle there. Until I die there will be no room in my heart for any other."

She sat very still, listening to his passionate words, letting her hands lie within his. It seemed to her like a king coming to take possession of his own.

"I can offer you," he said, "the deepest, truest, and purest love. It has not been frittered away on half a dozen worthless subjects. You are my only love. I shall know no other. Hyacinth, will you be my wife?"

It had fallen at last, this gleam of sunlight that had dazzled her so long by its brightness; it had fallen at her feet, and it blinded her.

"Will you be my wife, Hyacinth? Do not say 'Yes' unless you love me; nor because it is any one's wish; nor because Lady Vaughan may have said 'It would be a suitable arrangement.' But say it if you love me—if you are happy with me."

He remembered in after years how what she did puzzled him. She clasped her little white hands; she bent her head in sweetest humility.

"I am not worthy," she whispered.

He laughed aloud in the joy of his heart.

"Not worthy? I know best about that, Hyacinth. I know that from the whole world I choose you for my wife, my queen, my love, because you are the fairest, the truest, the purest woman in it. I know that, if a king were kneeling here in my place, your love would crown him. It is I who am not worthy, sweet. What man is worthy of love so pure as yours? Tell me, Hyacinth, will you be my wife?"

The grave pallor left her face; a thousand little gleams and lights seemed to play over it.

"My wife—to love me, to help me while we both live."

"I—I cannot think you love me," she said, gently. "You are so gifted, so noble, so clever—so brave and strong."

"And what are you?" he asked, laughingly.

"I am nothing—nothing, that is, compared to you."

"A very sweet and fair nothing. Now that you have flattered me, listen while I tell you what you are. To begin, you are, without exception, the loveliest girl that ever smiled in the sunshine. You have a royal dowry of purity, truth, innocence, and simplicity, than which no queen ever had greater. All the grace and music of the world, to my mind, are concentrated in you. I can say no more, sweet. I find that words do not express my meaning. All the unworthiness is on my side—not on yours."

"But," she remonstrated, "some day you will be a very rich, great man, will you not?"

"I am what the world calls rich now," he replied, gravely. "And—yes, you are right, Hyacinth—it is most probable that I may be Baron Chandon of Chandon some day. But what has that to with it, sweet?"

"You should have a wife who knows more than I do—some one who understands the great world."

"Heaven forbid!" he said, earnestly. "I would not marry a worldly woman, Cynthy, if she brought me Golconda for a fortune. There is no one else who could make such a fair and gentle Lady Chandon as you."

"I am afraid you will be disappointed in me afterwards," she remarked falteringly.

"I am very willing to run the risk, my darling. Now you have been quite cruel enough, Cynthy. We will even go so far as to suppose you have faults; I know that, being human, you cannot be without them. But that does not make me love you less. Now tell me, will you be my wife?"

She looked up at him with sweet, shy grace.

"I am afraid you think too highly of me," she opposed, apologetically; "in many things I am but a child."

"Child, woman, fairy, spirit—no matter what you are—just as you are, I love you, and I would not have you changed; nothing can improve you, because, in my eyes, you are perfect. Will you be my wife, Hyacinth?"

"Yes," she replied; "and I pray that I may be worthy of my lot."

He bent down and kissed the fair flushed face, the sweet quivering lips, the white drooping eyelids.

"You are my own now," he said—"my very own. Nothing but death shall part us."

So they sat in silence more eloquent than words; the faint sound of the music came over the trees, the wind stirred the vine leaves—there never came such another hour in life for them.

In the first rapture of her great happiness Hyacinth did not remember Claude, or perhaps she would have told her lover about him; but she did not even remember him. Over the smiling heaven of her content no cloud, however light, sailed—she remembered nothing in that hour but her love and her happiness.

"I ask no more from fortune," said Adrian; "the world has in it no greater gift than this of your love. Tell me, Hyacinth—what you have not told me yet—do you love me?"

"You know," she said, her face all flushed; "you know, I am sure."

He laughed. "Perhaps I am selfish, and wish to hear you say so. Do, Cynthy, say, 'I love you, Adrian, better than all the world.'"

He never forgot the light that came over her face.

"I love you, Adrian, better than all the world," she repeated, and then murmured a few words that made his heart beat with happiness such as he had never felt before.

Then he began to talk to her of the life that lay before them.

"We must live so that others may be the better for our living, Cynthy. Should it happen that you become Lady Chandon, we shall have a vast responsibility on our hands."

She looked pleased and happy.

"We will build schools," she said, "and almshouses for the poor people; we will make every one glad and happy, Adrian."

"That will be a task beyond us, I fear," he rejoined with a smile; "but we will do our best."

"I must try to learn everything needful for so exalted a position," she observed, with a great sigh of content.

"You must be very quick about it, darling," he said. "I am going to presume upon your kindness. It is not enough for me to know that I have won you, but I want to know when you will be mine."

She made no reply, and he went on.

"I do not see why we need wait—do you, Cynthy?"

"I do not see why we need hurry," she replied.

"I can give you a reason for that—I want you; my life will be one long sigh until I can say in very truth that you are my wife. Will you let me tell Lady Vaughan this evening that I have been successful?"

She clung to him, her hand clasping his arm.

"Not to-night," she said, softly, "Adrian, let me have this one night to myself to think it all over."

"It shall be just as you like, my darling; I will tell her to-morrow. Now, Cynthy, this is the nineteenth of July—why should we not be married in two months from to-day?"

Ah, why not? She said nothing. The wind that whispered so many secrets to the trees did not tell them that.

CHAPTER XIII.

HYACINTH had asked for that one night to think over her happiness—to open her heart to the great joy that had befallen her—to make it all her own before other lips spoke carelessly of it. She went to the pretty little room she called her own—so impatient was she to be alone—fastened the door, and placed her lamp on the table; then she stood still, smiling, a great, ineffable calm and content clothing her like a mantle. She took off the pretty brocade and kissed it, like the child she was, where he had touched it, and then, standing before her mirror, she unfastened the magnificent wealth of fair hair that fell like a veil around her, smiling with serene eyes at her own great beauty, rejoicing for his sake that she was so supremely fair, murmuring to herself that he loved her—he loved her.

Then, turning with a smile from the mirror, and going to the open window—the pale stars were gleaming and the dewy fragrance of the night filling the air—she leaned with her lovely flower-like face out of the casement, so that the wind might cool it, so that she might dream her sweet dreams undisturbed.

If all was true, how soon she would be his wife! Life then would be one long fairy dream of happiness and love. She would leave Queen's Chase, and there would be no more monotony, no more dull, blank, dreary days; that would be all over, thank Heaven. She had borne her past life in patience after all, and had neither broken out in hot rebellion nor run away from it.

When they were married, she would go away with him. They would travel perhaps, and he would show her the fair foreign cities the names of which were like music; and then she would go to his home—to his. Ah, that fair, golden life—side by side, filled with good deeds, blessed with love, crowned with happiness! Tears rose warm and bright in her eyes as she pictured those happy days.

* * * * * *

When Hyacinth awoke next morning, it was with difficulty that she disentangled dreams and truth; then the whole of her untold joy rushed over her, and she knew it was no fancy—no dream. She went down to breakfast looking, if possible, more beautiful than she had ever looked; the love-light on her face made it radiant; her eyes were bright as stars. Lady Vaughan gazed at her, as she had often done before, in sheer wonder. During breakfast she heard Sir Arthur complaining about his papers.

"I am told they will not come until night," he said. "I really do not see how I am to get through the day without my papers."

"What is the cause of the delay?" asked Lady Vaughan.

"Some accident to the mail train. The company ought to be more careful."

"Adrian will perhaps be able to do something to amuse you," said Lady Vaughan.

"Adrian is gone out," returned Sir Arthur, in an injured tone of voice. "Some friends of his came to the hotel late last night, and he has gone out with them; he will not return until evening."

"Who told you so?" asked Lady Vaughan.

"He wrote this note," said Sir Arthur, "and sent it to me the first thing this morning."

Then Hyacinth smiled to herself, for she knew the note was written for her.

"We must get through the day as well as we can," said Lady Vaughan.

Greatly to Sir Arthur's surprise, Hyacinth volunteered to spend the morning with him.

"I can amuse you," she said—"not perhaps so well as Mr. Darcy, but I will do my best. We will go out into the grounds, if you like; the band is going to play a selection from Il Flauto Magico."

And Sir Arthur consented, inwardly wondering how sweet, gentle, and compliant his granddaughter was.

Just before dinner a messenger came to the salon to say that Mr. Darcy had returned, and, with Lady Vaughan's permission, would spend the evening with them.

"He will tell Lady Vaughan this evening," thought Hyacinth; "and then every one will know."

She dressed herself with unusual care; it would be the first time of seeing him since she had promised to be his wife. Amongst her treasures was a dress of white lace, simple and elegant, somewhat elaborately trimmed with green leaves. Pincott came again, by Lady Vaughan's wish, to superintend the young lady's toilette. She looked curiously at the white lace dress.

"Begging your pardon, Miss Vaughan," she said, "but I never saw a young lady so changed. I used to feel quite grieved when you were so careless about dress."

"I will try not to grieve you again," said the young girl, laughingly.

"You must not wear either jewels or ribbons with this dress," observed Pincott. "There must be nothing but a simple cluster of green leaves."

"It shall be just as you like," said Miss Vaughan.

But the maid's taste was correct—nothing more simply elegant or effective could have been devised than the dress of white lace and the cluster of green leaves on the fair hair.

Hyacinth hardly remembered how the time passed until he came. She heard his footsteps—heard his voice; and her heart beat, her face flushed, her whole soul seemed to go out to meet him.

"Hyacinth," he said, clasping her hand, "this day has seemed to me as long as a century."

Lady Vaughan was sitting in her favorite arm-chair near the open window. Adrian went up to her, leading Hyacinth by the hand.

"Dearest Lady Vaughan," he said, "can you guess what I have to tell you?"

The fair old face beamed with smiles.

"Is it what I have expected, Adrian?" she asked. "Does my little Hyacinth love you?"

The girl hid her blushing face; then she sank slowly on her knees, and the kind old hands were raised to bless her. They trembled on her bowed head; Hyacinth seized them, and covered them with hot kisses and tears. She had thought them stern hands once, and had felt disposed to fly from their guidance; but now, as she kissed them, she blessed and thanked them that their guidance had brought her to this happy haven of rest.

"Heaven bless you, my child!" said the feeble voice. The lady bowed her stately head and fair old face over the young girl.

"If you have ever thought me stern, Hyacinth," she said—"if you have ever fancied the rules I laid down for you hard—remember it was all for your own good. The world is full of snares—some of them cruel ones—for the unwary. I saw that you were full of romance and poetry; and I—I did my best, my dear. If you have ever thought me hard, you must forgive me now—it was all for your own good. I know the value of a pure mind, an innocent heart, and a spotless name; and that is the dowry you bring your husband. No queen ever had one more regal. The Vaughans are a proud old race. There has never been even the faintest slur or shadow resting on any one who bore the name; and the highest praise I can give you is that you are worthy to bear it."

Adrian did not know why the fair young head was bent in such lowly humility, why such passionate sobs rose to the girl's lips, as he raised her and held her for a moment in his arms.

"Go to your room, Hyacinth, and remove all traces of tears," said Lady Vaughan. "We must be glad, not sorry, this evening—it is your betrothal night. And see, here are the papers, Sir Arthur; now you will be quite happy, and forgive that unfortunate mail train."

CHAPTER XIV.

HYACINTH was not long absent. She bathed her face in some cool, fragrant water, smiling to herself the while at finding that Lady Vaughan could be sentimental, thankful that the needful little scene was over, and wondering shyly what this new and bewildering life would be like, with Adrian by her side as her so-

knowledged lover. So happy she was—ah, so happy! There was not one drawback—not one cloud.

She rearranged the pretty lace dress, and the green leaves, and then tripped downstairs, as fair a vision of youth, beauty, and happiness as ever gladdened the daylight. Just as she reached the salon door she dropped her handkerchief, and stooping to pick it up, she heard Lady Vaughan say—

"Do not tell Hyacinth—it will shock her so."

"She must hear of it," Sir Arthur returned; "better tell her yourself, my dear."

Wondering what they could be discussing, she opened the door, and saw rather an unusual tableau. Lady Vaughan was still in her comfortable arm-chair; she held a newspaper in her hands, and Sir Arthur and Adrian Darcy were bending over her, evidently deeply interested.

Hyacinth's entrance seemed to put an end to their discussion. Adrian went up to her. Sir Arthur took his paper from his lady's hand, and began to read it for himself.

"You will not refuse to sing for me to-night, Cynthy?" said Adrian. "It is, you know, as Lady Vaughan says, our betrothal night. Will you give me that pleasure?"

Still wondering at what she had heard, Hyacinth complied with his request. She played well, and she had a magnificent well-trained voice. She sang now some simple ballad, telling of love that was never to die, of faith that was never to change, of happiness that was to last for ever and ever; and as she sang the divine light of love played on her face and deep warm gratitude rose in her heart.

He thanked her—he kissed the white hands that had touched the keys so deftly; and then she heard Sir Arthur saying again—

"He cannot be guilty; it is utterly impossible. I cannot say I liked the young fellow; he seemed to me one of the careless, reckless kind. But rely upon it he was too much of a gentleman to be capable of such a brutal, barbarous deed."

"If he is innocent," observed Lady Vaughan, "he will be released. In our days justice is too surely careful to destroy an innocent man."

"Colonel Lennox will never get over it. Such a blow will kill a proud man like him."

"I pity his mother most," said Lady Vaughan.

Every word of this conversation had been heard by Hyacinth and Adrian. She was looking over some music, and he stood by her. A strange vague numb sensation was gradually creeping over her. She raised her eyes to her lover's face, and they asked, as plainly as eyes could speak—

"What are they discussing?"

"A strange sad story," he spoke, in answer to the look, for she had uttered no word. Lady Vaughan heard him.

"You will be grieved, Hyacinth," she said; "but that you will be sure to hear of it sooner or later, I would not tell you one word. Do you remember young Claude Lennox who was visiting his uncle? He came over to the Chase several times."

"I remember him," she replied, vaguely conscious of her own words—for a terrible dread was over her. She could have cried aloud in her anguish, "What is it—oh, what is it?"

"Appearances are against him certainly," continued Lady Vaughan, in her calm voice—oh, would she never finish?—"but I cannot think him guilty."

"Guilty of what?" asked Hyacinth; and the sound of her own voice frightened her as it left her rigid lips.

"Guilty of murder, my dear. It is a strange case. It appears that the very day after we left the Chase a dreadful murder was discovered at Leebridge—a woman was found cruelly murdered under a hedge in one of the fields near the station. In the poor woman's clenched hand was a handkerchief, with the name 'Claude Lennox' upon it. On searching further the police found his address, 'Claude Lennox, 200, Belgrave Square,' written in pencil on a small folded piece of paper. The woman's name is supposed to be Anna Barrett. Circumstantial evidence is very strong against Claude. One of the porters at Leebridge station swears that he saw him walking with a woman in the direction of the fields; a laboring man swears that he saw him returning alone to Oakton Park in the early dawn of the morning; and the Colonel's servants say that he was absent from Oakton the whole night."

"Still, that may be only circumstantial evidence," said Sir Arthur, "though it is strongly against him. Why should he kill a woman who was quite a stranger to him, as he solemnly swears she was?"

"Who, then, was with him at the station? You see three people swear to having noticed him leave Leebridge station with a woman whom none of them recognized."

They might perhaps have continued the discussion, but a slight sound disturbed them, and, looking round, they saw that Hyacinth had fallen to the floor. She had risen from her seat with a ghastly face and burning eyes; her white lips had opened to say, "It was not Claude who killed her, but her husband." She tried to utter the words, but her voice was mute, and then with outstretched arms she fell face foremost to the ground.

Adrian ran to her; he raised her—he looked in wondering alarm at the colorless face with its impress of dread and fear.

"It has frightened her almost to death," he said. "Did she know this Claude Lennox, Lady Vaughan?"

"Yes, very slightly; we met him twice at Oakton Park, and he called at the Chase. But I did not like him. I kept Hyacinth carefully out of his way."

He carried her to the couch by the window and laid her down.

"What can we do for her?" he asked, helpless.

"Nothing," said Lady Vaughan. "Do not call the servants; they make such a fuss about anything of the kind. Let the fresh air blow over her."

He stood in perfect silence by her side, and presently the white lips parted with a deep sigh, and the eyes opened with a look of terror in them which Adrian never forgot.

"I am so frightened," she said.

"My darling," cried Adrian, "I am sorry you heard anything about it. Why need you be frightened?"

"I am shocked," she said, and the ghastly fear deepened in her eyes.

"Of course you are—one so young, so fair, so gentle. The very word 'murder' is enough to terrify you."

Then she lay perfectly still, holding her lover's hand in hers, looking at him with such wordless sorrow, such unutterable woe in her face. Lady Vaughan brought her a glass of wine; she drank it, hardly knowing what she did, and then the elder lady, bending over her, kissed her face.

"You must not be so sensitive, my dear," she said. "How will you get through life if you feel for every one's trouble in this fashion? Of course we are all deeply grieved for the young man, but he is nothing to us."

Her words fell on dulled ears and an unconscious brain; the girl, still holding her lover's hand, turned her face to the wall. She had not been able to collect her thoughts—they were in a state of chaos. Of all that crowded upon her, that seemed to burn into her brain, that crushed and crowded like living figures around her, one stood out clear, distinct, and terrible—Claude was innocent, and no one in the world knew it but herself. Look where she would, these words seemed to be before her, in red letters—"No one but myself."

She turned her white face suddenly to Adrian Darcy.

"If they find him guilty," she asked, "what will they do to him?"

"If he is guilty, he will pay for the crime with his life. But now, Cynthy, you must not think so intently of this. Try to forget it for a little time."

Forget it! Ah, if he knew! When should she forget again?

"He is innocent, and no one in the world knows it but myself, and no one else can prove it."

Over and over again she said the words; it seemed to her that they had bewitched her. As soon as she had finished them she began the terrible phrase again.

Then darkness seemed to fall over her. When she raised her eyes again, Adrian was reading to her. She tried hard to grasp the sense of what he was saying. She tried to understand the words, but they were like a dull distant sound—not one was plain or distinct to her.

"I must be going mad," she thought, starting up in wild affright; and then Adrian's arms were circling her, and he was trying to soothe her. He could feel the terrible beating of her heart; he could see the awful fear in her face.

"My dearest Hyacinth," he said, gently, "you must not give way to this nervous fear—you will do yourself harm."

He laid the fair young head on his breast; he soothed and caressed her as he would have soothed a frightened child; and then Lady Vaughan insisted that she was tired, and must go to rest. They did not notice that as she left the room she took with her the paper Sir Arthur had been reading.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BUSINESS SIGNS.

Nowadays, signboards are the outward tokens of the licensed victualler; but in former times they were the necessary appendages to all trades and occupations. They were the municipal landmarks, of old, to the postman, trader, or traveler.

Many of these commercial finger-posts had a strange origin. Some were the armorial bearings of defunct nobility, adopted by a faithful henchman, as a sign of rest; others illustrated phases of Church history; and, not a few, misapplications of Holy Writ.

Some of the most noted artists were employed to paint them, and frequently, with their iron supports, they cost several hundreds of pounds. The most costly signs were exhibited in Ludgate Hill and its immediate neighborhood. Owing to the inordinate extent of their use, signboards were abolished in the City of London in the eighteenth century, and the custom of painting name and business on the shop front adopted.

These libelli, at times, displayed much incongruity in their formation, viz.: A Hare and Three Women; a Padlock and Anchor. The first indicating swiftness of despatch and carefulness in business, and the second declaring goods bought were firm in quality and the trader hoped for future custom.

One may account for this mixture in the following manner. Young men, on starting in business, usually added their late employer's sign to their own. Certain signs were common to various trades: drapers choosing the golden fleece, or holy lamb, and in some cases, the Virgin's head; fish-mongers, St. Peter and three fishes; goldsmiths, the head of Dunstan; and smiths in general, Dunstan hammering the devil's nose on his anvil; cutlers hung out a stag or a likeness of St. Nicholas. Besides these certain tokens, tradesmen displayed the article of commerce they sold: the tinsmith, a dustpan; saddler, a whip or horse collar; the fruiterer, various fruits, etc.

Personal fancies, or other circumstances, were the cause of many peculiar emblems being displayed. Writers spoke of them, and painters, at times, placed them in their pictures.

Addison, in the "Spectator," writes of a perfumer having a goat's head as a sign; and a cutler, the French King's head.

Another writer, of the Stuart period, in his description of London, refers to a sign at Fleet Bridge representing "Nineveh, with Jonah and the whale."

Hogarth; in his plates of "Industry and Idleness," represents the sign of the drapers, West and Goodchild, as a lion rampant, with a cornucopia on either side. In that of "Noon," the cookshop is portrayed by the Baptist's head; and in the plate of "Night," of the like series, the barber's sign is not only a pole, but, likewise, a hand, drawing a tooth from a patient's head, which appears to be in exquisite pain; and underneath is the legend: "Shaving, Bleeding, and Teeth drawn with a touch. Ecce Signum."

Barbers proper, that is, hair-dressers, and barber-surgeons were distinguished by the color of the bands on the poles; the former having a blue, and the latter, red. As far back as 1797, barbers and surgeons were compelled by statute to display their poles, the latter likewise affixing a gallipot and red rag at the end. The fabulist Gay, in his fable of the "Goat without a Beard," alluding to a barber's shop, speaks of the red rag pendent from the pole.

A sign common to oil shops was the "Good Woman," that is, a female minus the head, and is supposed to have been originally an oil-jar with a fanciful painting of a headless woman. This sign, minus the painting, is now exhibited by the modern oil-man, or, one should respectfully say, Italian warehouseman. Some antiquarians try and connect this with the story of Ali Baba; others, that woman is only good when her tongue is silenced.

The pawnbroker's sign, three balls—the crest, it is said, of the Medici, or the Lombardian money-lenders—is still common; jocularly said to betoken that it is two to one against the pledge being ever redeemed.

"I CAN unfold the past," said the fortune-teller to the man who had paid his dollar. "Thanks," he said, "you needn't do it. It took too much of the hair off my head to get it folded up. Let that be, and tackle the future.

Bric-a-Brac.

PAINT.—Egyptians who died 2,000 years ago are, it is said, now being converted into paint. They make very superior burnt sienna, which London painters are willing to pay a good price for.

BIG HEADS.—Big heads do not always indicate intellect. Professor Virchow, the German scientist, points out that the Greeks, one of the most intellectual of nations, are one of the smallest headed of races.

BAYONET.—The bayonet is so called because it was first used, it is said, near Bayonne. A Basque regiment, having exhausted their ammunition, and being hard pressed, placed long knives in the barrels of their muskets and made the original bayonet charge.

A SILKWORM'S THREAD.—The longest continuous fibre known at the present time is that of silk. A cocoon of a well-fed silkworm will often yield a thread 1,000 feet long, and an instance is mentioned in which one has been produced containing 1,235 feet without a break.

DELUSIVE HORSE.—When Captain Cook first visited Tahiti, the natives were using nails of wood, bone, shell, and stone. When they saw iron nails, they fancied them to be shoots of some very hard wood, and, desirous of securing such a valuable commodity, they planted them in their gardens.

THE WAY A SPANIARD SMOKES.—The Spaniards are the most expert smokers in the world. A Spaniard takes a heavy pull at his cigarette, inhales the smoke, takes up a wine skin or bottle, pours half a pint down his throat, holds the vessel a foot from his mouth without spilling a drop, and then with a sigh of satisfaction closes his eyes and exhales the smoke from his nose and mouth in clouds. He will also inhale the smoke, converse for a few minutes in a natural manner, and then blow out the smoke.

RESTORED TO HIS CASTE.—A Hindoo has been restored to his caste by the following process of so-called "purification." The offence by which he lost caste was that of eating cooked food in a railway carriage in which persons of another caste were traveling. He had to pay his own weight first in pice, the amount reaching one hundred and eighty rupees, and then in wheat. After being twice weighed in this manner, he was then taken by two men and thrown into the river, and after a good bath he came out and was received by the Brahmins, fully restored to caste fellowship.

SNAKES IN INDIA.—Probably not fewer than 50,000 people are killed by snakes in India every year. They are one of the chief causes of mortality in that country. Great efforts have been made by the British Government to destroy them, but with very little success. Unfortunately, the natives regard them as sacred. They consider the cobra in particular as embodying some sort of divinity, and it is customary for them to keep these frightful creatures as pets on their premises. Offers of bounties for serpents' heads have been discouraged by the discovery of the practice pursued by many low-caste Hindoos of breeding snakes artificially to supply the official demand.

ANCIENT BRIDAL WREATHS.—The Roman bridal wreath was of verbena, plucked by the bride herself. Holly wreaths were sent as tokens of congratulations, and wreaths of parsley and rue were given under a belief that they were effectual preservatives against evil spirits. The hawthorn was the flower which formed the wreaths of Athenian brides. At the present day, in our own country, the bridal wreath is almost entirely composed of orange-blossoms, on a background of maiden-hair fern, a sprig here and there of stephanotis blending its exquisite fragrance. Much uncertainty exists as to why this blossom has been so much worn by brides, but the general opinion seems to be that it was adopted as an emblem of fruitfulness.

Every man is supposed to be honest until the contrary is proven is the maxim adopted by a quick lunch restaurant in this city, observes a writer in a New York paper. The price of each eatable is duly displayed, and the customer throws down his money to the cashier and says 15 to 20 cents, as the case may be, and receives change. The proprietor has confidence in man, and thinks he can make more by trusting him than by hiring waiters. In order to remind his customer that honesty is the best policy quotations from the Bible are framed and hung conspicuously on the walls.

THE TWICE-TOLD TALE.

BY RIVA.

The milkmaid lingers near the stile,
And waits the well-known song
Of her light-hearted shepherd lad
Who comes the path along;
Then springs with joy to clasp the boy
Who speaks with smile and voice so glad,
It sings afar to yonder star
The echoes of his evening joy.

With tell-tale blush on either cheek,
A maiden seeks the glen
To hear a true heart speak of love,
The twice-told tale again.
And soon through dells the marriage-bells
Will their dreams tell to stars above!
For peace serene sits near the scene;
With music sweet the soft breeze swells.

The far-off moon smiles from the sky,
Proud queen of twilight hour!
The silver beams steal o'er the sward
To kiss each sleeping flower;
And all is fair as through the air
She sails, a work of nature's God,
Whose mighty hand is on the land
When all is dismal, dark, and drear.

TWO PUT APART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GWEN DALE'S ORDEAL," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "A TERRIBLE WEEK," "MADGE DALE'S PORTION," "UNDER COMPULSION," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ACROSS the dull misery of the next few days Terry Sugden's letter of rapturous thanks came like a gleam of light.

"Did ever an unlucky young woman have such friends in the world?" she asked enthusiastically. "I am going to accept your magnificent offer unconditionally, because, honestly, I am not self-denying enough to refuse. I read your delightful letter to Jim outside the back-garden gate last night—for that benighted mother of mine has gone the length of denying him the house, so we meet like the typical Sarah Jane and her young man, when they fall upon evil days in a family where no followers are allowed. My dear, Jim was quite overcome! He is not given to cheap emotion—except when he is working up for a jury—but, when I read your divine letter to him, under the garden wall, by the light of a lucifer-match, his ugly face shone through the fog like a full moon, and his voice shook with genuine feeling—no law-court sham this time! 'They are bricks, the pair of 'em,' he said; 'and I wish there was only half a chance of our ever being in a position to do them a service in return!' That of course is out of the question; but, all the same, you dear, generous, thoughtful little darling, I thank you, I thank you, and all the time my joyful heart keeps on continually thanking you! I will come to you, as you suggest, on the 10th inst., and we will decide on the 12th of December for the fatal day."

Hilda passed this letter to Pierrepoint, who read it through quietly, and handed it back with the remark that he supposed it was all right, and that they seemed to understand each other uncommonly well.

"Yes," replied Hilda, "there is no doubt about that," adding meditatively a moment afterwards, "I suppose there is no help for it now; we are bound to go through with it?"

He looked at her, surprised.

"Why should we not? Because we are not so boisterously happy as some people, is that a reason why Miss Sugden should be made to suffer? That is rather an odd idea of justice, isn't it?"

She did not attempt to prolong the conversation. It was always like that between them now—just an occasional interchange of observations, imperatively demanded by the circumstances of the moment, and nothing further.

The servants were talking quietly but busily in the kitchen now. As long as Hayes had been anxious that appearances should be kept up, there had been no scandal beyond the half-joking talk about Hugh Mackenzie; but now it was generally understood that relations between Mr. Hayes and his wife were much strained, and people were beginning to look rather grave whenever the subject was introduced, and to wonder how matters would end.

* * * * * *

With all her unpleasant anticipations concerning the visit, Hilda could not help feeling gratified by her reception at Petmanhurst. Lady Tocatta, an amiable, well-bred, and genial hostess, was delighted to receive her new neighbors, and the suite of rooms set apart for Mr. and Mrs. Hayes were among the best and most commodious in the house.

There was already a large number of people assembled in the drawing-room when Hilda went down before dinner. Tenterden was near the door, apparently waiting for her, and Captain Hennessy presently joined them. Hilda was pleased to renew her acquaintance with Hugh's good-natured friend.

"I hope you are going to take me in to dinner," she said; but he shook his head dolefully.

"No such luck, I'm afraid, Mrs. Hayes! I'm among the small fry to-night. Lady Tocatta will think it her duty to send you in with one of the big countrymen, I expect."

Lord Tenterden laughed at her frank expression of disappointment.

"How changed you are!" he said. "What has Pierrepoint done with you to give you that pretty air of dignity? It has improved you immensely. There's something else about you too—something that I can't explain. Character—that's what it is! You have developed more character since your marriage."

"It sounds rather dreadful," she returned, in pretended alarm. "I hope it doesn't mean that I am looking very worn and old?"

Tenterden refused to answer that question except by an eloquent movement of brow and lip, which made her laugh rather consciously.

She chatted away for the next few minutes with delightful animation, and, though her attention seemed to be fixed upon the conversation, she was all the time keeping a close watch on the door for Mrs. Mountjoy's appearance. Pierrepoint was already down, carrying on what seemed to be a very interesting discussion with his host and hostess on the other side of the room, and Hilda could not help thinking that he too was furtively watching the door.

Mrs. Mountjoy came at last, barely a minute before dinner was announced, and, though by this time Hilda was occupied in trying to find out what her appointed companion could talk about, she saw every little detail of the incident so vividly and clearly that she could recall them for months afterwards.

Sir Malpas Tocatta left his wife's side the moment Mrs. Mountjoy appeared, and went to her, meeting her half-way down the room and greeting her with considerable empressement.

The light was delicately subdued in the Petmanhurst drawing-room, but Mrs. Mountjoy paused close by one of the largest of the lamps. The lemon-colored shade threw a soft glow upon her dress of primrose-colored silk, and brought out the shimmer of its glistening steel-work; and, with her brilliant face lighted up by the animation of the moment, her sparkling eyes, her alluring smile, soft full lips, and perfect figure, she formed a picture which set the young wife's heart aching intolerably. Her own faultless costume of pale heliotrope silk and net, worked with sprays of pink-tinted silken apple-blossoms, grew suddenly colorless by contrast, and she thought her own face must appear insipid.

She watched the meeting between Mrs. Mountjoy and Pierrepoint with eager curiosity, and, prejudiced though she was, she could find nothing to take exception to in the pleasant grave courtesy with which he responded to the lady's more vivacious greeting. But Hilda noticed that, when once they were tete-a-tete, Sir Malpas and Lady Tocatta turned immediately to other guests, as if conscious that no further aid was needed from them in that quarter.

At dinner Hilda was seated a little higher up the table on the opposite side to Mrs. Mountjoy and Pierrepoint; and they had not been seated long before she met Mrs. Mountjoy's eyes fixed upon her in calm steady observation. The next moment that lady turned and put a question which made Pierrepoint look towards his wife. Then Hilda saw that he said "Yes;" and Mrs. Mountjoy looked as if she were saying, "I was sure of it; I knew her at the first glance."

During the rest of the dinner Hilda felt more than saw that, in the pauses of her vivacious talk, the authoress bestowed a great deal of keen observation upon her; but here the girl's pride came to her aid and forbade the faintest sign of consciousness on her part. Luckily Tenterden was at her side, and his quiet fun left her in no danger of appearing awkward under this rather trying scrutiny.

Lotta Tocatta took Mrs. Hayes captive as the ladies left the dining-room, and carried her off to show her some drawings done by the married sister, Naomi.

"I asked Mrs. Leith the other day what was your particular line," she said ingenuously; "everybody goes in for something nowadays, and it makes things so much more pleasant if one only knows from the first what is likely to interest people."

"I'm afraid I'm a hopeless case from that point of view," returned Hilda. "I have no particular line."

"So Mrs. Leith said at first. I'll tell you what she said next—it was so pretty—she is a kind-hearted woman. 'I think her only peculiarity is in always being sweeter and more truly amiable than most people. I never heard her say an unkind word of anybody; and she is never so happy as when somebody asks a favor of her.' I don't believe Mrs. Mountjoy herself could write a more delightful panegyric."

"I'm quite sure she could not!" said Hilda, flushing with pleasure. "But it is a very flattering one. Nobody could be disagreeable to Mrs. Leith, you know."

"Not easily. Well, I pressed her hard about your tastes, and then I made the discovery that you had an extraordinary gift for drawing portraits."

"Oh, please don't——"

"She told me that one afternoon she dropped in at the clergyman's at Cruxwold, and found you drawing a portrait of the lady of the house and her little boy; and she said the likenesses were wonderful."

"It is nothing but a habit, and a very foolish one. I am always doing it; I scribble on everything that comes in my way; but I do hope you won't label me as of the genus artistic, because I should only disappoint you."

"You are behind the age," rejoined Miss Tocatta, looking very pleasantly at her little guest. "We all parade our abilities to their very fullest now, instead of being modest about them, as our mothers used to be."

"I should not like to parade my rubbish," replied Hilda. "I am passionately fond of pictures and all art-matters, but I won't take credit for an accomplishment I don't possess, so you must not be disheartened. I can talk, or rather listen to, art-talk for hours without being bored."

"Ah, then I shall introduce you to Mr. Laya, the artist! He has come down to try to secure a couple of sittings from Mrs. Mountjoy. All the artists want to paint her—they say she would be such an admirable subject; but she won't hear of it—declares it would strike the death-blow to her vanity to see herself as others see her. Isn't she delightful?"

"I have not the pleasure of her acquaintance, Miss Tocatta."

The sudden coldness of tone was unmistakable, and Miss Tocatta felt she had made a blunder.

"Oh, haven't you?" she said. "She will soon rectify that. Come and have a peep at Naomi's efforts before we go back. She is the only one of us who ever showed any signs of intellect, so we trot her out on every possible occasion."

The men were already in the drawing-room when Hilda and her new friend returned, and Hayes came up to them the moment they appeared.

"I have been wondering what had become of you," he said. "Mrs. Mountjoy wants to know you, Hilda. Will you come?"

"What did I say?" whispered Lotta. "Take her, Mr. Hayes! I must go to mother; she is making a signal of distress."

Hilda moved on quietly towards a vacant lounge, and her husband followed her.

"Mrs. Mountjoy is this way, Hilda."

She looked up at him smilingly, conscious that the eyes of several people were on them.

"I have no desire to make Mrs. Mountjoy's acquaintance," she said, so sweetly that he might have mistaken her meaning had he not glanced at her face as she spoke.

"Why not?" he asked, astonished. "Why on earth should you object?"

"I do object," she replied emphatically, as she sat down and drew a basket of photographic views towards her. "Isn't the fact enough? May I claim the privilege of choosing my own friends?"

He sat down abruptly by her side in angry perplexity.

"But I came on purpose to fetch you," he muttered. "Perhaps it is your intention to make a laughing-stock of me? Mrs. Mountjoy is not accustomed to see-ing her overtures for friendship treated in this way!"

She looked up at his perturbed face and smiled coldly, as an offering on the altar of decorum, and then said, as she returned to her views—

"What Mrs. Mountjoy may be accustomed to is a matter of no moment to me. Why should it be?"

"But, good heavens, you can't refuse to know a woman staying in the same house, Hilda! Mrs. Mountjoy will come to you if you refuse to go to her. What will happen then? Do you mean to make a scene?"

"Oh, no, Pierrepoint; I should not make such a mistake as that! If Mrs. Mountjoy insists on forcing her acquaintance upon me, I must submit, of course. What I wish you to understand is that I refuse to take any active steps towards knowing her."

He seemed oddly disconcerted by her tranquil defiance.

"Well, you are certainly a most inexplicable little creature! I did not think you had it in you to be so calmly stubborn." She shrugged her pretty shoulders, and he turned gratefully to Tenterden, who was hovering near. "My dear fellow, come and do me a service!" he said, in a manner meant for the benefit of the public. "Hilda has gone shy, and is scared at the idea of meeting Mrs. Mountjoy. See if you can't talk her out of her nonsense while I go and explain matters!"

Hilda offered no denial to this view of the question, but she smiled a welcome to Tenderden, who had always been like a very kind brother to her, and made room for him on the little lounge. And yet, under it all, she really felt faint at heart; this was the first time she had refused one of her husband's rare requests, and in doing so it seemed to her that she had entered upon a new stage in their severance—from silent antagonism she had passed on to open defiance. What would be the next stage?

There was no sign of anxiety in her manner towards Tenderden—indeed, in her determination to conceal her real feelings, she made a display of gaiety that was rather unusual with her.

Gradually one or two men sauntered up, eager to have a share in the fun going forward, until she was the centre of quite a little court; and, when she was at her brightest, Captain Hennessy suddenly fell back to make way for Mrs. Mountjoy and Hayes.

"I'm consumed with curiosity to know what all this merriment is about, Mrs. Hayes," she said, sinking gracefully into the seat which Lord Tenderden vacated for her and looking about with an air of child-like inquiry.

A swift wave of color rushed over Hilda's face at Mrs. Mountjoy's first appearance, but it faded again at once, leaving her quite pale as she turned and looked placidly into the brilliant face watching her with a half-mocking air of inquiry.

Mrs. Mountjoy laughed lightly and looked back again at Pierrepoint.

"Oh, fie!" she exclaimed. "You told me a fib, monsieur! You said Mrs. Hayes was too shy to come to me. It was not true. Mrs. Hayes is not a bit shy. Are you?"

"No, Mrs. Mountjoy," she replied; "I don't think I am shy—not in the way you mean."

Mrs. Mountjoy seemed rather surprised at the quiet self-possession of the answer, but went on with a playful daring, as if she had set her heart upon putting this childish creature out of countenance.

"I know it! Nothing is less likely than that you should be afraid of me. The honest truth was that you did not choose to run after me, and so you said to yourself, 'If she is really anxious to know me, let her make the first advance.' Oh, I understand all about it!" she said, with laughing animation, conscious of the meaning glances among the men. "Don't trouble yourself to deny it."

"I was not going to do so," Hilda answered, with a cold smile—"you must not suggest my words for me, Mrs. Mountjoy. I was going to say that, even supposing what you say were the truth, it would hardly be polite of me to confess so much to your face."

"Bravo! Bravo!" In spite of her vivacity and her air of unconcern, every one was perfectly aware that Mrs. Mountjoy was astonished and almost discomfited. "I do like people who won't be forced into saying what they don't mean. There's not one in twenty who has the courage to stand out!" Then, suddenly assuming a more genuine tone, she went on, "I hope you aren't going to dislike me, Mrs.

Hayes, because I've rather a notion that I am going to like you. Won't some of you creatures tell this stout-hearted little Amazon that I am really not a bad sort of person when you know me?"

"I should not like to interfere, Mrs. Mountjoy," said Hennessy, as he caught her eye; "you can do your own special pleading best."

"But Mrs. Hayes' quiet intrepidity is too much for me, Captain Hennessy. Does she stand up to you like that when you disagree, Pierrepoint?" Mrs. Mountjoy always called her intimate male acquaintance by their Christian names. "I am sorry for you if she does."

Hilda glanced at her husband, standing grave and silent by the table, fingering the photographs.

"Pierrepoint and I don't disagree, Mrs. Mountjoy," she said blandly. "He is the most considerate husband in the world. You see, we are sensible people; we started with the determination not to be too exacting, not to expect impossibilities of each other, and so we don't meet with constant disappointments. I hope, for your sake, Mr. Mountjoy is equally reasonable." She had forgotten for the moment that Hugh Mackenzie had told that nobody had ever heard of a Mr. Mountjoy; but she remembered it when she saw the quick flush on Mrs. Mountjoy's face and heard her embarrassed laugh as she rose and shook out her gleaming silken draperies.

"My husband has been dead ten years, Mrs. Hayes, and I never refer to my married life if I can help it; it is not a pleasant memory." She turned to Hayes confidentially. "Did you tell Lady Tocatta about that attack in the Quarterly? I should like to take the opinion of Sir Malpas on it to-night. Do you know where he is?"

Hilda looked up at her cousin as they moved away.

"I'm tired, Tonderden. Help me to slip away quietly, will you?"

The men left behind looked at one another in half-amused dismay.

"Hot while it lasted, wasn't it?" said one of them. "I never saw the Mountjoy tackled like that before. What does it mean?"

"It means that little Innocence is game to the backbone, and will go down fighting. It will be a tussle too! Mrs. Mountjoy isn't in the habit of giving up her little triumphs, and she had got her back up over this business. Mrs. Hayes would have done better to be civil."

"Fudge!" exclaimed Hennessy. "Mrs. Mountjoy is not to be won by a little soft-soap, my dear fellow; she wouldn't forego a flirtation with the husband because the wife joined her circle of worshippers. I'm glad the little lady had the pluck to hit out fair; she got some satisfaction from it, at any rate, and it won't influence the odds against her a bit."

Hilda had strained every nerve severely in her defiant determination not to allow Mrs. Mountjoy to patronise her before her husband; but the moment there was no longer any cause for her hardly-maintained self-assertion she broke down.

Always accustomed to gentle amiability in her little mistress, Mattie was scared that night when Hilda came hurrying into the dressing-room, pale and panting, and called out to her in a strained whisper to shut and lock both the doors.

The devoted Scotchwoman did as she was bid, and then continued making her preparations for the night. But, though she made a show of being occupied with her duties, her eyes furtively followed "her puir bairn" in grieved surprise, as she paced the room in uncontrollable agitation, wringing her hands, muttering incoherently, and every now and again clasping her slender throat with both hands, as if the pain there would strangle her.

Some subtle sense of sympathy presently turned the poor aching eyes towards the watching woman, and then she uttered a cry like a weary child—"Oh, Mattie, Mattie!"—with one hand over her eyes and the other held out in sorrowful entreaty.

"Eh, my dear little leddy," said Mattie softly, going to her and soothing her tenderly—"eh, that's better? Let the tears come, Miss Hilda; it's better than choking yersel' with a dry grief! Eh, but this is sorrowful work indeed—and you so lonely among all this big houseful of company! What has upset you like this, dear heart? Can't you tell the trouble to me, for want of some one better, and ease your heart a little?"

"No, Mattie; nothing could really ease my heart. I've made the trouble for myself, and I shall have to put up with it; I can see it now it is too late. I've been blind and foolish and suspicious without reasonable cause; I let myself be misled by a cruel slander, and, when—when I began to see that I might have been wrong, something happened to bring my mistrust back again; and then, in my misery, I did a foolish wicked thing—a thing that I am ashamed to think of now, it was so mean and deceitful. But I never thought it could do any real harm, because I fancied I had prevented its ever being found out; but it was found out, Mattie, and now I am going to be punished for it—horribly punished, beyond my endurance, I'm afraid. I acted as if I wanted a certain thing to happen, and I didn't want it all the time—only I was blind with misery and couldn't see what I was doing. Well, Mattie"—she was quieter now, bending her sorrowful tear-stained face close to Mattie's, who was kneeling by her side—"well, dear old friend, my punishment is that I am to be forced to accept this thing which I have found I don't want. It is to be pressed upon me gradually until I shall be bound to give in and take it, knowing that in taking it I break my own heart. Isn't that a heavy punishment, dear—to sit quietly and see it coming on me day and day, knowing I must accept it in the long run, and yet not daring to murmur or wince—to watch the on-coming of my own death-blow, with as much cheerfulness as if I neither knew nor cared the least bit about it?"

Mattie stroked the small hand in her own very gently.

"It mayn't be as bad as you think, my dear little leddy," she said. Mattie tried hard to combine her mother-like love for her youthful mistress with the respect due to her position. "And there's never any good got out of meeting troubles half-way. And just another word I'd like to say to comfort you, if it wouldna be liberty; but I'm a wee bittie afraid, because I know how careful you are not to talk about the master to anybody. If he can save you from this trouble, you may just rest content, for——"

Hilda stooped hastily and stopped Mattie with a kiss.

"Kind old Mattie!" she murmured. "I always used to bring my troubles to you before I went to school, didn't I? It has done me good talking about it; but we won't say any more now. Take off my dress and give me a wrap and slippers, and then brush my hair by the fire and say some of Burns' poetry to me. I love your Scotch, Mattie!"

That night, for the first time in Mattie's experience, Mr. Hayes came knocking at his wife's dressing-room door while her maid was still with her. Mattie went at once and unfastened the door, which communicated with his own room, and then went quietly to the bed-room and shut herself in.

Hilda, looking quaintly child-like in her soft white woollen dressing-gown, with her pretty dusky hair hanging loosely about her small pale face, stood up with a startled look in her clear gray eyes as he came in, murmuring an apology, and crossed over to her at the fireplace.

"I wanted to say half a dozen words to you," he said, and stopped suddenly, looking at her wonderingly.

It cost her a great effort to keep her eyes raised to his with that glow in them, but she did it; there was enough wounded pride in the pain at her heart to forbid any show of self-consciousness before him. He drew a long tremulous breath as he stood looking at her with the air of pitying surprise.

"What a child you are," he muttered—"what a child!"

The softening of his tone made her feel as if her heart were bound with an iron band; yet her eyes were cold enough as she waited, and, seeing this, he recovered his sterner manner at once.

"I wanted to speak to you about Mrs. Mountjoy," he said. "You have apparently made up your mind to range yourself among her enemies. It is best to warn you that among the people here you will find yourself out in the cold, quite by yourself, if you persist in your folly; most of the people staying here have been invited expressly to meet her. And, apart from that, how could an inexperienced child like you expect to hold you own in a struggle with such an old campaigner as she is?"

"I shall not try," she answered, with a cold smile. "I should not condescend to enter into a contest with Mrs. Mountjoy for anything."

Her reply seemed unexpected, and he reflected for a moment before he put his next request.

"Will you go a step farther? Will you show a little friendliness towards her?"

"No," she answered; "I will show only the merest civility."

"You place me in a very awkward position, Hilda. I have promised to help her with some chapters of the book, she is writing; it will throw us a good deal together. In those circumstances won't your coolness look rather conspicuous?"

"I cannot help that. I must congratulate you; I had no idea you possessed a literary gift!"

He detected the sarcasm and flushed, then laughed frankly.

"That is absurd! You know well enough I don't upset for anything in that line. She is taking some of her characters to the gold-fields, and she asked me to help her with the local coloring—that is all."

"I see." As she spoke, she recalled a certain hot summer afternoon, when she had made tea for him and Mr. Watson close by the plashing fountain in the hall at Cruxwold. She remembered how, when he had warmed to his subject, he had given a glowing description of some deserted workings in which at one time they had both been interested, and she confessed to herself that Mrs. Mountjoy's book was not likely to suffer by his collaboration. "It will be very interesting work, no doubt, for both of you," she added."

"You won't make any effort then to put this prejudice of yours aside?"

"No, I will not; nothing would induce me to make a false show of friendship for Mrs. Mountjoy."

"Very good! As I said to you once before, you must be prepared to accept the consequences of your own actions. It is not necessary for me to tell you what people will say when they see that you virtually cut Mrs. Mountjoy."

"Not at all necessary, thank you!"

He shrugged his shoulders and moved away towards the door with a gesture of impatience; but, when he had the handle between his fingers, he glanced back at his wife standing on the fur rug in the ruddy firelight, and, as he looked, his face again wore an expression of pity.

"Good night, Hilda," he said softly—"good night, poor unhappy little girl! I hope your dreams may be bright enough to make up in some degree for your waking misery. Good night!" He went away then, sighing softly, and closed the door gently.

She did not seem to hear his "Good night;" at any rate, she made no reply.

When Mattie came back, she found her little lady in a very subdued mood.

"It has begun—that punishment I told you of," said Hilda, with a quivering smile; "and, because I know how truly I deserve it, I am going to endure it with as little fuss as I can, Mattie. Tie up my hair and let me go to bed." And Mattie looked very grave indeed as she obeyed; she began to understand that the trouble was between husband and wife. This was a more serious matter than she had anticipated.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE WEEK at Petmanhurst gave a maturity and confidence to Hilda's manner which four or five years of the quiet life at Cruxwold might have failed to produce. Her pride kept urging her not to allow Mrs. Mountjoy to distance her in the race for social success while Pierrepoint was among the onlookers. She had said that she would not condescend to enter into a contest with Mrs. Mountjoy; but she had been mistaken. She was contesting the ground inch by inch with her more powerful rival; and she gained upon her. Pierrepoint had threatened her with social extinction in the event of her daring to hold aloof from the great woman's following, and she had at least shown him that she was no poor spiritless creature to be trodden under foot without a protest.

For the first two days Mrs. Mountjoy looked and felt genuinely amused at this raising of a rival banner in her own camp, and then she discovered, with a considerable amount of good-humored surprise, that, unless she exerted herself, she would be distanced by this new candidate for social honors.

If Mrs. Hayes did not possess the novelist's subtle charm, her spirits were brighter; she was fresh, too, which was a charm in itself, and, having everything yet to gain, she exerted herself to please and attract. Among other little devices to which she stooped was that of making use of her talent for caricature. Scarcely an evening passed that she had not half the people in the room round her in ecstasies of delight over some ridiculous representation of some incident that had happened during the day. An opportunity of laughing openly at somebody else's misfortunes was a lure very few could resist, and Hilda made free use of the advantage it gave her. On the other hand, she had not Mrs. Mountjoy's gift of sarcasm. When Hilda made capital out of others' disasters, there was always a saving clause to redeem the absurdity from ill-nature. Mrs. Mountjoy, though anything but an ill-natured woman, could never resist the temptation to say a smart thing regardless of its sting.

Those in the house who troubled themselves at all about their neighbors knew, or thought they knew, the exact state of affairs between Hayes and his wife; and the matter was discussed with bated breath over dressing-room fires and in odd nooks and corners, whenever two or three confidential friends found themselves together. For once popular sympathy was with the wife all through; and this no doubt had a great deal to do with Hilda's successes in the drawing-room of an evening.

The last day of the visit to Petmanhurst was hopelessly wet, and nearly everybody was confined to the house. To Hilda the thought of the long day indoors was a terror. She could stand the excitement of the evening gathering night after night, but, if she were called upon to keep up the pressure all through the day, she felt she must break down. It was of no use to shut herself up in her own rooms; Lotta would soon drag her from her shelter. There was nothing for it but to hide herself.

She stole away, while most of the members of the house-party were still standing about trying to make up their minds what to do with the morning, and, with a couple of magazines, made her way to the farthest library window, and sat down in the recess behind the heavy hangings.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

SELLING A "SUBJECT."—A man sitting one evening in an alehouse, thinking how to get provision for the next day, saw a fellow dead drunk upon the opposite bench.

"Do you not wish to get rid of this sot?" said he to the landlord.

"I do, and half-a-crown shall speak my thanks," was the reply.

"Agreed," said the other; "get me a sack."

A sack was procured, and put over the drunken guest.

Away trudged the man with his burden, till he came to the house of a noted resurrectionist, at whose door he knocked.

"Who's there?" said a voice from within.

"I have brought you a subject," replied the man; "so come, quick, give me my fee."

The money was immediately paid, and the sack with its contents deposited in the surgery.

The motion of quick walking had nearly recovered the poor victim, who before the other had been gone two minutes, endeavored to extricate himself from the sack.

The purchaser, enraged at being thus outwitted, ran after the man who had deceived him, collared him, and cried out.

"Why, you dog, the man's alive!"

"Alive!" said the other; "so much the better; kill him when you want him."

HIS OWN ARRANGEMENT.—There are many modes of enjoying a gratuitous drink in Paris. One of the most common is that of filling up with water the flask or carafon out of which the liquor is drawn.

Apropos of this stratagem, a good story is told of one well known restaurant. A gentleman called for coffee, brandy, and a water-bottle—three commodities which are very often served together in Continental cafes.

He drank the coffee and several petits verres of brandy, filled up the carafon so that it appeared as if only one glass had been taken, paid for the coffee and the one glass, and disappeared.

"Mine host" was duly informed of what had taken place; but, instead of showing any anger, he merely told the waiters to set apart for the special use of the same visitor the carafon which had been tampered with.

The visitor reappeared, as had been expected, and repeated the same performance, with a similar result. But on the third day he began to find fault with the weakness of the brandy supplied to him, when the waiter, with polite candor, explained to him that the carafon was the same which he had himself "arranged" on the two previous days. The same customer was not afterwards seen to sit down in that cafe.

FIRST YOUNG LADY—"Charming!" Second Young Lady—"Exquisite!" Third Young Lady—"Divine!" All Three Young Ladies (together)—"Isn't it?" The remarks were not made in allusion to a work of art or a piece of vertu. They were occasioned by the fact that at the same time the three young ladies had just seen a pink-haired poodle tied up in blue ribbons.

WHO WILL CARE?

BY E. L. S.

Can the ones we love forget us
In our resting-places low,
Where no earthly ills beset us,
And no pain, or care, or woe?
Who can know?

Will they come to whisper to us
Of the love we left behind,
Or will love be like a flower
Scattered by the summer wind?
Who can tell?

Will they come with tender yearning
To the graves of those they miss,
Wishing vainly our returning
To their presence and their kiss?
Ah, they will!

But if rest and peace is given,
When we hear the angel's call,
Will it matter if they miss us,
Or they miss us not at all?
Not at all!

Haunted.

BY G. L. M.

KING'S HOUSE, Brayfield, Nov. 20th.

"DEAR GEOFF—Can you come down here for two or three days, now, at once? I know how pressed you are, and would not ask but am in need of advice, and would be inexpressibly relieved if you could come; I can't explain why in this, but have a good reason. I'll meet every train from the time this reaches you—don't fail me, dear fellow.

"Yours,

"JOHN ARMYTAGE.

"I have opened this again to urge you to come. I shall go mad if this goes on much longer."

"What's up?" soliloquized the Rev. Geoffery Curtis, returning this note to its envelope, and beginning breakfast with a disturbed air. "John is not generally mysterious—'pressed?' Yes, I am pressed, but not so much now that Archer has come back. Of course, I must go—I wonder what the Vicar will say?"

The Vicar, however, had no objection to make. Mr. Curtis had never before asked for an irregular holiday, and, knowing as he did all about John Armytage, the mystery suggested by the note excited his interest strongly. You have not heard from him since his arrival at his unknown heritage?" he interrogated, and Geoffery shook his head.

"Not a line. It's over a week now too, and he promised to write at once and describe everything; it's so unlike John."

"Most unlike John," assented Mr. Churton, smiling. "Go, by all means—I hope you will find nothing very serious amiss. Archer says he feels up to undertaking treble the amount of work I have given him, so we can manage very well without you."

Thus it came that Geoffery set forth from Brixton early the same afternoon and arrived at Brayfield before dark.

Geoffery Curtis and John Armytage were friends—the former a gentleman and curate, the latter a gentleman too, but struggling against heavy odds to gain a living as an artist.

Some few months before the dark November day on which this history opens, John had become the possessor of a considerable property by the will of an old man, Anthony Gates by name, who lived opposite John's studio and occasionally came across to watch the young man at work.

A strange affection sprang up between the two, though more often than not they would meet and part without interchanging half-a-dozen words. John had no idea that his visitor was well off; his rooms were dingy in the extreme; his habit of life simple, almost miserly.

His astonishment was great when the news reached him, and Geoffery, to whom he rushed at once, was equally surprised. Both were eager to see the house—King's House, Brayfield—but to John's great disappointment his friend could not accompany him on his visit of inspection, and he departed alone, promising to write full "all about everything."

No news of him, however, reached his friend till the arrival of the disquieting note, the result of which we know.

Arrived at Brayfield, Geoffery had scarcely put his foot on the platform when he was seized upon delightedly by a lanky figure in a dripping mackintosh.

"My dear fellow! It's not really you!"

"It's my arm, at any rate," laughed the rather slightly-built curate, shaking hands warmly. "Well, my landed proprietor, how are you?"

"Oh, don't ask! Come along—this is just too good to be true. I drove over with a faint hope, and yet it wasn't like you to fail—there, that's not bad-looking, is it?"

"That" was a handsome new dog-cart and dapper little horse, and Curtis admired both heartily.

"Gates got it on purpose for me a month before he died," went on Armytage, springing up after his friend and taking the reins.

"You must have fascinated him entirely," answered Mr. Curtis, through the thick muffler he had drawn up over his face. "You really are the most fortunate fellow I've ever had the unhappiness of knowing."

"Am I?" said John with a grim little smile. "It's all right now you've come; but this past week——"

He broke off, and there was silence for some minutes as they drove rapidly along the bleak high road, the rain beating down straight on their faces, and the dusk growing thicker.

"There it is," pointing through the trees to the left, and the next moment they were in full sight of the house.

It was a massive, handsome building standing back some distance from the road, and approached by a broad drive, lined thickly by tall but now leafless trees. A fine stately mansion, Geoffery decided, but with an air of desertion and neglect which struck the most careless observer with strange force.

"It looks haunted," he said, and John turned and looked at him earnestly, his face paling visibly as he did so.

"Then it looks what it is," he said in a strained low voice, and Geoffery started slightly.

"My dear fellow!" he exclaimed involuntarily, and then was silent till they drew up before the open door, from whence a warm welcoming glow of light poured out on the dreary avenue.

Flinging the reins to the groom, John led the way through a square formal hall into a small and thoroughly comfortable sitting-room where, early though it was, dinner was laid.

"This is about the jolliest room in the house," said the host, throwing his gloves into one corner, and emptying a huge chair of its load of magazines and newspapers by simply tilting it backwards. "Truffle's a splendid hand at making a fire, ain't you, Truffle?" this to an elderly, respectable man-servant, who was gravely collecting the wraps thrown off by the visitor. "And Mrs. Truffle, where have you put her, Truffle?—she's just as good at making a dinner! No more tough steaks and mahogany potatoes, old chap! Do you remember the awful dishes that old woman of mine used to send up, Geoff? Just to think it's only a fortnight ago!"

The dinner proved indeed a success; no serious subject was touched upon by either. Mr. Curtis retailed London, or rather Brixton, news, and it was not till some time after the table had been cleared—for they resolved to sit in the same room instead of migrating to the larger but less comfortable smoking-room—that Mr. Curtis, after a pause in the conversation, leant back and looked up at his friend expectantly.

"Well, John?"

"Well," rather sheepishly.

Another pause.

"I know you'll call me a fool."

"Very probably."

"Only all I can say is that I hope you'll be able to prove I am one."

"Your wishes will most likely be realised; fire away!"

"Look here, then," springing up and taking up his position on the hearthrug in front of the fire. "You know how mystified we both were over that queer sentence in old Gates will?"

"Yes, the sentence saying——"

"Yes, saying that he left his property to me because he believed I would 'on all occasions do my duty, however fearful it might be,' those were the words—well, look here, read that; he wrote it some time before he died and told Allen, the local solicitor, to give it to me when I came down to take possession."

Geoffery took the letter and read it with growing astonishment.

"KING'S HOUSE.

"JOHN ARMYTAGE—When you read this I shall be in my grave, and you will have entered into possession of this house.

"As you know, my will imposes no condition whatever upon your ownership, nevertheless, I have a request to make to you, and trust that your generosity will grant it. It is this: the door leading into the west wing of this house is now locked and barred—let it remain so; I have never set foot within it. Why, you will learn before you have been here long; the story in its entirety is know to Truffle—a garbled version obtains in the village. John Armytage, I solemnly adjure you to regard this wish of mine: I am dying—you will soon forget me; but remember—remember—and obey.

"Pray for my soul.

"ANTHONY GATES."

"Extraordinary!" ejaculated the curate—"was he sane?—are you sure this is not a trick got up?"

"Quite sure—he wrote it in Allen's presence, and told him to give it to me himself when I came down."

"Extraordinary!" repeated Geoffery, but go on—what did you do?"

"Well," of course, I attacked Truffle promptly, and he told me the story, which is pretty well known for miles round. This is called the 'Haunted House,' if you please, and tourists come to look at it—pleasant, isn't it? Truffle and his wife are tough; and stay on, but not another indoor-servant would stay for love or money. Truffle's father was here before him so he knows all."

"But my dear boy——"

"Yes, I know what you're going to say, but it's not only what they say that I'm going upon, but I feel myself——"

"Never mind what you feel—have you seen anything?"

"No—o—but yet—good gracious, Geoffery!" turning suddenly, and putting his hand on his friend's shoulder, his voice shaken with agitation, "it's the most awful experience to sit here alone night after night, and yet feel that you're not alone!"

The curate's pale face had turned a little paler; then, with an effort:

"We are never alone, thank goodness," he said quietly.

"The story Truffle tells is this," went on John, in a quick, low voice, "one of the bygone Gates—not so long ago either—was a clergyman, and a queer fellow, self-contained, you know, and all that, and he was in love with a girl, awfully handsome, Truffle says, who didn't care a farthing for him, but liked his brother instead. Well, she was staying here once and I suppose he found out she didn't want him or something, but any way, she was found one morning in the west wing passage with her throat cut. Nobody was suspected then, but a year afterwards—a year to the very day, mind you—the brother, not the clergyman, was found in the same way, in his bed—his room was in the west wing too. Then suspicion fell on the priest, for he wasn't a favorite with anybody, and there was known to be ill-blood between them; but before anything was done he hanged himself from a hook in the ceiling of the west wing passage, just over the place where the girl's body was found! Of course the story goes that they haunt the house—small wonder!—and the west wing in particular, so Gates' father had it shut up. Now what do you say?"

"That the story is most ghastly, and that your liver is out of order. How do you sleep?"

John laughed shortly.

"Liver, is it? May be you'll find your liver out of order too, to-morrow morning! Well, as I said, if you can prove me a fool do so, nevertheless I am determined not to remain in this house alone on the 30th. The 30th of this month, you know, is the day—or rather the night of the year—and Truffle says that what goes on then is beyond description—throws the little everyday incidents which I am foolish enough to object to completely in the shade. Do you know that, as a fact, he and his wife make a point of leaving the house that night and sleeping in the village?"

"Incredible," murmured the curate, "yet why should I say so? are not all things possible? Why should not the spirits of the departed revisit this world and make themselves both seen and heard? Such things have been known, but so rarely that one can not be too careful; but still John, don't think I scoff at what you say, I only think and hope that a practical solution will present itself, and I'll help you to look for it."

"Thanks, you can stay longer than the week, can't you, now that Archer has come back?"

"Oh, yes, that is unless some unforeseen emergency should——who was that?" for he had heard the door behind him softly open and shut.

John smiled quietly.

"What?"

"Someone opened the door just now?"

"Oh, no, you only fancied that!" with grim sarcasm. "That's the sort of thing that goes on here of an evening." Geoffery stared at him for a moment, rose, opened the door, and looked out. The hall was empty and silent, the several doors opening off it shut. He tried the handles, all were locked except one, that of the large dining-room, dimly lighted. He turned back into the sitting-room.

"Did the door open?"

"No, it only sounded like that. I've heard it lots of times. Coming downstairs you could take your oath somebody's keeping step with you—out in the garden, by Jove! You can't escape it—somebody's dogging your steps, stopping when you stop, turning when you turn, only you can't see them!"

* * * * * *

It was past eleven when the friends went to bed. Geoffery's room was on the first broad landing, John's opposite, and on the other side a heavily-barred oaken door, which the curate saw with a slight half-unconscious shudder.

A heavy velvet curtain usually hung over it, but for some reason this had been drawn on one side. It was the door leading to the west wing. John's explanatory "that's it" was unnecessary. Nothing further was said.

After a moment's close inspection both young men went into the guests' room, which was large, heavily but comfortably furnished, and lighted by a huge fire and handsome lamp which shed a soft and brilliant light from its pedestal.

The bed stood in a recess, into which, however, it did not fit well, a space of about two feet being left between it and the wall. A long tasseled bell-rope hung down by the side.

"If you tug it," laughed the host, "I'll come to your assistance. I'm more at home with ghosts than you."

Left alone Geoffery, as he prepared for bed, naturally turned over in his mind the great subject of the evening's conversation. Rather, he tried to do so, for before long he became conscious of a strange feeling of exhaustion and depression which was creeping over him—a strange feeling which he weakly and vainly tried to shake off.

Once in bed he would be all right, he reflected, and at last was ready. Lowering the lamp, piling up the fire, locking the door—all was done, and he sank wearily down with a heavy sigh.

But he did not sleep at once. His mind was still full of that subject, and his thoughts were clearer than they had been a few minutes ago. John was in a bad state of mind, that was plain; he was a sociable fellow and needed company, and here he had been alone in this big gloomy house with nobody to talk to but Truffle, who told blood-curdling stories like others of his class, which naturally set his imagination on fire, and——

What was that?

Only a cinder falling out of the fire, but what a noise it made. How foolish of him to start!

Yes, John being so nervous, so fanciful, he himself would have to be careful—not to—not to——

How hot it was! The room had suddenly become stifling. He turned over impatiently and flung the counterpane back half angrily. It was the heat made him so restless—he would not have a fire again; besides, the flickering lights it cast were disagreeable; they annoyed him—just now when one glanced upon the curtains at the foot of the bed—it almost seemed for the moment—as if—a hand—had moved them stealthily—absurd! He had actually started up with a tight throat and clenched hands; just because he had listened to a horrible story was he to fancy impossibilities like any superstitious nursemaid?

He would sleep.

Lying in one attitude and resolutely keeping the eyes shut may sometimes be effectual, but not so to-night. He presently became aware that his muscles were rigid—his nerves tingling—that his senses were at their keenest.

His watch was under the pillow—how loud its tick sounded! never so loud before, surely; or was it that he was listening intently—with wildly-throbbing pulses and convulsively-beating heart—to a strange sound—a rustle—a footstep—coming softly across the room from the door—so softly—nearer—till it stopped behind the bed!

Utterly powerless to move or speak or open his eyes—bound and silenced by an awful horror pressing down upon him from That which bent over him, closing out air and light and life—oh, for strength to turn and look!—how long—how long—and then, when life itself seemed ebbing from him, one word was whispered in his

ear—whispered so softly, yet so clearly, that it passed through his brain like a shriek and left him senseless in a swoon:

"Murdered! Not by me!"

* * * * * *

Some hours later John Armytage was welcoming Mr. Churton, Geoffery's vicar, to Brayfield, and giving him a full account of all that you already know; while Geoffery himself, white and aged, but resolute in agreat purpose, leant back and listened, and when his time came, told his part.

"When I recovered," he went on, "all that senseless fear had gone from me, and I slept quietly, and in that sleep Richard Gates, the priest, who was accused of Adeline Holt's murder—of his own brother's murder—appeared to me and told me that he was innocent, and that the proofs were secreted in the west wing, and I promised him—the room was still ringing with my voice when I awoke—I promised him to do what I could to give him rest. That was his room I slept in," he added, turning to John; "I felt sure of it myself, but Truffle confirms me."

"But the will," said the vicar; "I don't see how you set that aside without——"

"The will imposed no condition whatever upon me," interrupted John. "It was the letter."

"Ah, yes—and that is even more binding—a dying man's wish——"

"But he wishes differently now," Geoffery said; "how I know I cannot tell you, but I feel convinced that it is so."

The vicar ruffled his hair distractedly.

"I know you are anxious to do right," Mr. Curtis went on, speaking rapidly. "Listen. Let us watch to-night and look for a sign."

So it was settled.

The dreary day sank at length into the dreary night, and the two men at last began that watch.

Downstairs John Armytage waited with Truffle—listening for every sound and cursing his own folly, which kept him from joining them above.

The wind howled round the house with a despairing sadness no words can describe; the atmosphere to Mr. Churton was thick with a horror which stirred his hair and almost stopped his breath.

Quite silent.

Listening.

Then——It came!

The vicar's first intimation of its presence was Geoffery's face, which, deadly white, turned from the fire and looked across the room. The strong man felt the blood run cold within him as that footstep sounded upon the floor.

Then Geoffery rose, and, with a convulsive effort, Herbert Churton rose too and faced It—that invisible—that most Awful presence!

Then came the clear voice of the younger man, sounding to the other strangely pure and sweet.

"Richard Gates—if it is your spirit—which haunts this room," a pause to gain strength, "I promise—to do what I can to give you rest—if you will make your mission known."

No answer, though both men heard It breathe.

"I will make your innocence known—rest in peace."

Again no answer, but the horror-stricken watcher knew that the room was clear again—that it had gone—and that it was the cold hand of his friend which pressed him back into a seat.

"It is right now—if only Anthony Gates would remove——"

A deafening crash silenced him. A gust of wind had seized the house and shook it with the fury of an angry devil.

The west wing had fallen!

Wildly improbable as this sounds, it is true; and the stout oak door, with its bolts and bars, hung creaking from its mighty hinges.

The rest of the house was almost uninjured, but the unquiet spirit which restlessly had haunted it troubled it no more, for in the ruins was found, locked and sealed up in a casket, the full confession of Henry Gates—the favored lover of Adeline Holt—that he, and not his brother, had murdered her on the eve of her flight from King's House with a more wealthy suitor. His own death was self-inflicted, but contrived with devilish intent that his brother, whom he hated as only a bad man can hate a good one, should bear the blame.

And it was so; for the family, anxious only to hush the terrible story up, did not investigate the matter properly; and the poor priest—shunned by all, guilty in his own mind of anger to the dead man, distrustful of himself, sick at heart and utterly forlorn—at last gave way and hanged himself, thereby fixing the guilt most surely upon his own head.

Now, he rests in peace.

REMARKABLE REVENUE CASES.

What is a crow? Most people will naturally answer at once "a black fowl or bird." But that is not the view of everybody, as the following case, which occurred recently, will show.

Patrick Murphy occupies a small farm in the north of Ireland, and, according to law, has the right of using a gun on his own lands for the purpose of scaring birds and killing vermin without having in force a gun licence.

One fine May morning Pat saw a number of crows paying particular attention to his young corn, and without hesitation he promptly shot more than one of "the black thaves."

As he advanced to pick up his prey, an official entered the field and demanded his licence. Pat declared he had no licence, and needed no licence "for shootin' a vagabone of crow on my own farrum." However, Pat was summoned before the magistrates; but those excellent gentlemen, after hearing the evidence, dismissed the case.

Thereupon the Crown appealed, and the matter came up for adjudication before the County Court judge. This time Pat employed a lawyer, who made the following ingenious defence:—

"First, my client has a right to use his gun to kill vermin. Ergo, my client may kill a crow without a licence.

"But, secondly, even, for the sake of argument, supposing that a crow is not vermin, still my client has committed no offence, for the law allows him to use his gun to scare birds without a licence. Now the best way to scare birds is to kill a few of them; and my client is, therefore, clearly within his right."

Perhaps these subtle arguments were too much for the learned judge. At all events, he affirmed the dismissal, but declined to say whether or not crows are vermin. Nevertheless, Pat had a very narrow escape; for farmers are still prosecuted and fined for shooting crows without a gun licence.

Some years ago a great controversy arose in Scotland over the question, "Are rabbits vermin?" A farmer, having no gun licence, shot a rabbit on his own lands, and was brought before the justices, who dismissed the case.

As the point was important to the revenue, an appeal was taken to the sheriff, and finally to the Court of Session, in order to have an authoritative decision. Five judges sat in the High Court in order to determine the appeal.

Ultimately the court decided against the Crown by the narrow majority of one. The judgment seems to rest principally on the intelligible and reasonable ground that, though rabbits are not generally regarded as vermin, yet they may become vermin to a farmer by reason of their numbers and the ravages they commit upon his crops.

It may not be generally known that the provisions of the Gun Licence Act are extremely stringent. The term "gun" includes firearms of any description, and also an air gun. It is not necessary to use a gun without licence in order to incur a penalty—the mere carrying of a gun or pistol, or even any part of one, renders the bearer liable.

What is a curtilage? This is a question upon which lawyers themselves are at variance; but where lawyers differ, tax official must decided. An Excise officer, passing into a brewery yard one day, spied the gatekeeper—who may be called Smith—on the top of his own cottage blazing away at some birds. The officer demanded Smith's licence; Smith laughed at what he considered a ridiculous demand; whereupon the officer, with solemn dignity, declared he must "report the matter to the Board."

Accordingly, about a fortnight afterwards, Mr. Smith received a very pressing invitation to attend before the magistrates to answer a charge of using a gun without having in force a licence so to do, in accordance with the statute in that case made and provided.

The whole case hinges on the question, What is a curtilage? The Act provides that a gun cannot be carried without licence "elsewhere than in a house or in the curtilage thereof."

It was contended for the prosecution that the outside of a roof was not in the house, nor did the roof itself form part of the curtilage. Smith replied that he was on his own house, and if not strictly in it he must, at all events, have been within the curtilage which surrounds the house.

The point being both novel and difficult, the magistrates referred for advice to the law adviser of the Crown, who gave it as his opinion that the outside of the roof was neither in a house nor in the curtilage thereof; but added that the very smallest penalty would meet the justice of the case.

When is a hackney carriage not a hackney carriage? This seems like a frivolous conundrum; but it is nothing of the kind, as the proprietors of cabs and omnibuses are well aware.

Two or three years ago, when Mr. Goschen modified the carriage tax, hackney carriages were to be charged at a reduced rate. Now, according to the Act, "a hackney carriage means and includes any carriage standing or plying for hire," a definition which at first sight, appears sufficiently clear and precise.

But the revenue officials are possessed of an ingenuity which is often worthy of a better cause; and they straightway issued an edict that omnibuses not being hackney carriages, the ordinary rate of licence must be paid for them.

Naturally the proprietors of omnibuses were up in arms at once. Some of them refused to pay the higher licence, the result being a series of prosecutions, in which there was a great deal of solemn quibbling over the words "standing" and "plying" and "hire."

The Crown contended that the Act contemplated the hiring of the vehicle as a whole by one person, and that the charging of separate fares placed the vehicle outside the definition, because the carriage was not hired, but only a part of it—to wit, the passenger's seat.

This delightfully naive method of reasoning unaccountably failed to convince the defendants that they should pay up and look pleasant. They were incapable of appreciating such fine distinctions, and fell back upon what they called a common-sense view—namely, that an omnibus is a carriage standing or plying for hire, and, therefore, a hackney carriage within the meaning of the Act.

One of these prosecutions being heard in London, the police magistrate very wisely stated a case to the superior court, in order to have an authoritative interpretation of the law.

The court declared, in effect, that an omnibus is a carriage standing or plying for hire; that the Act says nothing of separate fares; and that an omnibus is, therefore, a hackney carriage.

This judgment was a sore disappointment to some of the legal luminaries of Somerset House; but omnibus proprietors and shareholders hailed it as a most righteous deliverance, and received again with joy the cash they had overpaid.

GRUMBLERS.—Heaven defend us from your chronic grumbler; your man or woman, who began perhaps by considering it a proof of superior acumen to be always on the dissenting side till the habit has grown into an incurable disease; who uses God's best gifts with a churl's thanklessness, and claps an extinguisher on everybody's sunshine!

Heaven keep their acid out of our sweet cup of pleasure! Do you admire a fine prospect? Bah! it is too level or too hilly. Is it a charming face? the forehead is too low, or the nose too long. Is it a picture? they talk to you disdainfully about "high art." Is it a good, natural, easy book? They dislike the style. Is it a dish? Well, really, you must have a good appetite. Out on them all! We had as lief a serpent were always wriggling in the path where we go for buds and blossoms.

We had as lief a skull grinned at us from our pillow. We had as lief take our meals in a charnel house, with a sexton for master of ceremonies. Heads bowed (causelessly) like a bulrush are not to our taste. Every little blade of grass is wiser, struggling upward to the sunshine.

It takes time and patience and effort almost unspeakable, to accomplish any great work. This is impressed upon us by the proverbs: "The mushroom is soon ripe and soon rotten." "The oak is the vegetable longest in growing." "All hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas Day." "The flower that is longest in the bud is often the sweetest in the ear." "Rome was not built in a day."

WIFE No. 1: "I had a quarrel with my husband to-day, and when we became friends again I was so glad that, in memory of our reconciliation, I actually went and planted a tree in our garden." Wife No. 2: "That's a good plan, and if I had only adopted it some time ago I'd have a large shrubbery at present."

Scientific and Useful.

MUCILAGE.—Gum arabic and gum tragacanth, in equal parts, dissolved in hot water, is reputed to make the finest and most convenient mucilage you can keep in the house.

IN AGRICULTURE.—Electricity has been successfully applied in agricultural operations at the Polytechnic Institute of Alabama, where a motor has been at work for nearly a year past threshing oats, wheat, rye and barley, cutting ensilage, grinding corn and ginning the pressing cotton.

THE TERROR.—Much is expected of the use of electricity to deaden sensibility in teeth that are to be filled or extracted. As to extraction, it is announced that already the use of an electric current delivered through electrodes containing cotton saturated with cocaine or ether has produced complete local anæsthesia so that teeth have been extracted without pain.

AGAINST BURGLARS.—A patent right man has recently been canvassing interior towns in Pennsylvania to sell territory for "a burglar exterminator." The exterminator is really a window guillotine. When the burglar projects himself across the sill the machinery, set in motion by the act of raising the sash, drops a heavy knife, which cuts him square in two.

NEW PAVEMENT.—A new pavement is being brought out. Its foundation is steel plates laid in sand. These plates are three feet long by a quarter inch thick, and strong enough to stand a tensile strain of 50,000 pounds to the inch. They are flanged on the sides and laid from curb to curb across the street. The flanges are pinned together, and the plate perforated for drainage. The pine blocks are interchangeable, and grooved to straddle the plate rib joint. Repairs and openings can be replaced without damage to the pavement, and old and worn blocks can be exchanged for new. All swelling is provided for, and it can be laid rapidly, presenting, when complete, a smooth, unbroken appearance. It will, it is alleged, last 10 years, when the surface can then be recovered without disturbing the foundation. Sections of this pavement will be laid in Chicago and St. Louis, and it has already been tested in other localities.

Farm and Garden.

TIMBER.—Timber can be grown on lands that will not produce anything else.

WAGON WHEELS.—To preserve the wagon wheels so that they need not be taken to the shop, heat linseed oil to the boiling point and pour it in a trough. Having enough to cover the felloes turn the wheel slowly through this boiling oil.

POULTRY.—When feeding grain to fowls do not use a trough, but scatter the grain, so as to compel the hens to scratch for their food. When grain is fed from a trough some of the hens secure more than their share, which is not conducive to a full quota of eggs from each hen.

SCRUB CATTLE.—Scrub cattle are in all probability the most expensive luxury by far that the farmers of the United States have to-day. They cost them more than all the monopolists combined can ever hope to wring out of them. Scrub stock is the leech that sucks away at their prosperity 365 days in the year.

IMPROVEMENT.—The economists who in the early part of this country feared a growth of population which could only be checked by war, pestilence and famine took no cognizance of agricultural chemistry. Apparently no limit can be placed to the product that may be put at the disposal of man, providing he keeps pace with the methods of science.

STOCK.—It is sometimes a difficult matter to feed the stock properly. If the farmer had only the herd as a whole to manage, his work would be easy, comparatively; but while a herd means but one collection of animals it means many individuals, each with its characteristics. Animals are not uniform in all respects. They differ in disposition, in their preferences for feeds, in hardiness, in productive capacity, in size, and in many other respects, which compel the farmer to know the desires of each.

INSTEAD OF TRIFLING WITH A BAD COLD use Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, which will loosen the phlegm, subdue inflammation, and certainly save your Lungs and Throat much dangerous wear and tear.

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A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST.

They represent, in the highest and most perfect style of pictorial art, "COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA," of which the original is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y., and "THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS," original in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. These Pictures (size 21x28 inches each) are genuine oleographs in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

This latter mentioned picture is the reproduced model from which the new Columbian, United States 2-cent stamp was engraved. The stamp will give an idea of the figuring of the picture—although more than four hundred times smaller,—but nothing can convey an adequate notion of the beauty, variety and harmony of its magnificent coloring.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

THE remembrance of a beloved mother becomes the shadow of all our actions; it either goes before or follows.

Of Prejudices.

There is perhaps no class of persons so rarely to be found, and yet so invaluable, both as members of families and of society, as those possessing dispassionate and impartial minds, sufficiently large to take in the whole of any subject which comes before them, and sufficiently candid to admit and deal fairly on what they thus see and comprehend.

Now, at first sight this may appear a very sober and every-day faculty, requiring no very great powers of mind, nor offering any great attraction either in a friend or companion who may possess it, or in the gift itself, to induce any efforts for its attainment.

It is considered to be a natural consequence of increasing years and knowledge of the world, or as the accompaniment of a cold and unimpassioned temperament, which is incapable of being moved by feeling and enthusiasm, and therefore neither lovable nor attractive.

If there be some truth in these notions, there is at least a great deal of fallacy consequent on a superficial view of the causes which produce the character thus hastily dismissed.

We have said that such a character is comparatively a rare one. Persons of talent, persons of intellect, of quick perception, ready wit, and fluent argument, are far more commonly met with in daily intercourse than those thus endowed, as a little consideration will prove to the satisfaction of most persons who have mingled at all in the world; consequently it is not an "every-day attainment;" nor on the other hand does it necessarily develope itself with increasing years and experience.

On the contrary, the mind will rather become narrower and more prejudiced with age, unless it has been carefully trained in earlier life, and its views on different subjects will become more fixed and bigoted, just as the bones become more set and rigid each year we live, after the frame has attained maturity.

Again, the absence of ardent and enthusiastic feeling does not pre-suppose calmness and correctness of judgment, though we freely admit it may be a great assistance to it, since the most hard and sour temperaments frequently entertain the most bigoted and immoveable prejudices, and are the most hopeless of conviction, the most insensible to fair and just argument of any class of characters.

But it needs positive not negative qualities, the presence not the absence of the best attributes of man's nature, to form that most valuable individual—a candid, impartial, unprejudiced man—or, a still greater rarity, a fair and reasonable woman.

One great cause of prejudice is an eager and enthusiastic temperament, which impulsively adopts one side or other from some accidental predilection, and is consequently inaccessible to argument dictated by sober reason. This may be called prejudice of the heart rather than the head, and needs a different schooling to the more hard, though perhaps not more hopeless one-sidedness of which we have spoken hitherto.

Here the judgment requires sober, logical training, to be habituated to look on facts rather than fancies, and to separate inclinations and predilections from reasons, and to suspect the very side to which there is a strong natural leaning.

The one class need their minds and ideas enlarging; they are naturally or wilfully narrow in their views, and incapable of embracing the whole of a subject; the other need guidance to keep them in the straight road, from which they are continually wandering.

There is less that is repulsive, but quite as much that is dangerous in this form of prejudice as the other; and prevailing as it does more among women than men, it has less chance of being corrected by the training to which boys and men are very generally subjected.

Having thus touched on prejudice we will add a word of advice and stimulus as to the best mode of overcoming it. First, and most important of all, is an honest desire for truth; a sincere endeavor to view persons and things as they really are, and not through a distorted medium, which only represents half, instead of the whole of a subject. Prejudice belongs quite as much to the moral as the mental nature, and seldom exists where there is a healthy tone of feeling. There may be mistakes, there may be limited means of observation and judgment, but there will be no resistance to the truth, there will be no unwillingness to receive conviction from new and more complete information, and therefore no cherishing of prejudice. The improvement and correction of the mental part of the business is no doubt a more difficult attainment, and one which depends less on the individual himself.

A limited circle, small means of traveling from the immediate neighborhood where the ideas of a whole life have been acquired, are sad obstacles to enlightened and large views; but even then much may be done by careful reading and exercise of sense and reflection.

Books will open out a fresh world of persons, and manners, and modes of thinking and acting, which, if rightly applied, will do much to correct the narrowness of mind induced by small knowledge of the world, and mixing with one particular set of persons.

Even novels will have their use, if a judicious choice is made of those which present tolerably faithful pictures of society, and books of travel, biographies, histories, are still safer and more useful adjuncts to the enlargement of the ideas, and correction of prejudices.

Again, thoughtful consideration of the varied aspects of each subject, of the different circumstances which may be brought to bear on it, will do much to prevent one-sidedness and bigotry, though these may lack sufficient means of forming a sound permanent judgment upon a question.

To eradicate prejudices, to cultivate a dispassionate and impartial mind, is well worth the necessary trouble.

HE that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others, or with himself. Constant success shows us but one side of the world for as it surrounds us with friends who will tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects.

THE coming hours are open, yet pure and spotless; receptacles for whatever you may deposit there. Let us start up and live. Here come the moments that cannot be had again. Some few may yet be filled with imperishable gold.

THE most disastrous times have produced the greatest minds. The purest metal comes of the most ardent furnace, the most brilliant lightning comes of the darkest cloud.

IT is a great blunder in the pursuit of happiness not to know when we have got it, that is, not to be content with a reasonable and possible measure of it.

HATRED is a precious liquor, a poison dearer than that of the Borgias, because it is made of our blood, our health, our sleep and two-thirds of our love.

THERE is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world to get a good name or to supply the want of it.

A WISE man will desire no more than he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.

WE pass our lives in regretting the past, complaining of the present, and indulging false hopes of the future.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

DOLLY.—A priest of the Church of Rome on acceding to the Church of England would be recognized as a priest without reordination.

DESPAIR.—You committed a blunder, and will have to abide by it, unless you can persuade some mutual friend to intercede for you and help to correct the bad impression you made upon the lady.

NOVICE.—Verdigris is a rank poison, and as it often forms in copper kettles in which anything sour is cooked, great care should be taken in cleaning such vessels. All copper vessels should be tinned.

S. T.—Loaf sugar is the purest of all varieties, great care being taken to remove the last trace of uncrystallizable syrup and coloring matter. It is very white and hard, and is almost chemically pure cane sugar.

E. H.—The historic thirty-six degrees thirty minutes was adopted in the Missouri compromise, because it formed the legal boundary of several territories that have since disappeared from the map by being broken up into states.

RACHEL.—To stain horn in imitation of tortoise-shell, mix an equal quantity of quick-lime and red lead with strong soap lees; lay it on the horn with a small brush, in imitation of the mottle of tortoise-shell. When dry, repeat it two or three times.

PUSS.—There are many superstitions connected with the cat. In the Middle Ages cats were regarded as the familiars of witches, and from this spring the popular notion that cats have nine lives. A cat squalling on the house top was said to be the sign of a death.

AMATEUR.—Moire is a French word, which means clouded, or watered, streaky. Antique means old, but when used in the phrase moire-antique, it implies rare. Watered or clouded silk moire-antiques are produced by placing the silk under a suitably engraved metallic plate, and giving it a pressure of from seventy to a hundred tons.

E. A.—The general opinion of geologists is that the earth consists of a shell surrounding a molten mass. The thickness of this shell is estimated at from 30 to 100 miles. The principal evidences of this internal heat are hot springs, geysers, volcanoes, and the fact that mines and deep wells are always found to become warmer as we descend lower.

C. C.—The "New Atlantis" is the title of an allegorical fiction by Lord Bacon, and the name of an island described in it as being situated, like the Atlantis of the ancients, in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. Bacon represents himself as having been wrecked on this island, and as finding there an association for the cultivation of natural science, and the promotion of improvements in the arts.

A. L.—The word panic is derived from the fabled god Pan, who, with a few men, put a numerous enemy to rout by a noise which his soldiers raised in a rocky valley with a great number of echoes. This stratagem making Pan's followers appear more numerous than they were, the enemy quitted a commodious encampment and fled. Hence all ill-grounded fears have been called panics.

G. G.—Watches are said to have been first made in Nuremberg, Germany, in 1477, and were called, from their shape, "Nuremburg eggs." They were about as large as a goose egg, had to be wound up twice a day, and differed from the true time about an hour in a day. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, they were considered one of the wonders of the world, and were sold at fabulous prices.

LADY J.—The young lady to whom you refer has probably been telling bad stories about you. If you really love her, and want her for your wife, you should call upon her and ask for an explanation; but if your pride exceed your love, you can let the matter pass without seeking to come to an understanding, as your friend has suggested. By the way, who is that friend? May he not be a snake in the grass? Perhaps he has himself caused the estrangement of the young lady from you, and is now advising you to pursue a course which would prevent the possibility of your ever coming to a good understanding with her again. You would do well to look sharp after that friend.

EDWARD.—Two different compositions are generally employed for the purpose of glazing iron vessels. One has for its base silicate of lead, and the other boro-silicate of soda. These enamels are applied to the scoured surface of the metal in the form of a powder, which is fixed by heating it to a temperature high enough to fuse it. It then spreads over and covers the metal with a vitreous varnish. The second enamel possesses a great superiority over the first, for it it unattacked by vinegar, marine salt, the greater number of acid or saline solutions, even when concentrated, and resists the action of the agents employed in cooking or chemical operations.

MUSICA.—If your violin really deserves its inscription of "Antonius Stradivarius, Cremonensis Faciebat, Anno 1704" (? 1694), it is really an instrument of exceeding value. Antonius was born at Cremona in 1670, and died in 1735. He was the pupil of Jerome, one of the distinguished family of the Amati at Cremona, whose violins were the wonder of succeeding times, as more recent makers have been unable to equal their tone and quality. Antonius, if possible, even surpassed the family of the Amati. Violins of Cremona have been know to sell at from $500 to $1000. We would advise you to submit your violin to the inspection of a thoroughly competent musician and have him appraise its value.

THE WANT OF SYMPATHY.

BY SUSANNA J.

We walk among our kind
With veiled hearts and eyes;
Wilfully blind, we fail to find
The good that near us lies.

Youth's aspirations die,
That sordid aims may live;
We lose for lack of sympathy
The best that Life can give.

Thus many a good intent
Falls fruitless to the ground,
Because, tho' much of good we meant,
Too little help we found.

Oh that our hearts with sacred fire
Glowed warmly as they should—
Beat only with the high desire
To do each other good!

"Between the Silences!"

BY CURTIS YORKE.

As the clocks rang ten, the woman at the fire stirred and shivered. The ashes of the letters she had burned smouldered dully, and smothered what was left of the dying fire.

"Ten years ago!" she said, half aloud. "Ten years! It is a long time. And I was only nineteen. Nineteen! And now—my hair is quite white, and my heart is old."

She looked down at the two remaining letters that lay in her lap. The edges of them were frayed and frail, as if with much folding and unfolding. Yet another unfolding tore one of them roughly.

"Are you treating me fairly in the matter, Ursula?" it said in a heavy black handwriting that seemed masculine and true. "Is there any justice in your bitter hatred of me? Is it not as hard for me as for you? Our marriage was——"

With a passionate gesture the woman tore the paper across and across into tiniest fragments, and flung it into the fireplace.

Then, very slowly, she spread out the other letter. It was shorter, and unsigned; but the handwriting was the same.

"You might have spared me that last cruel insult, Ursula. Truly, there can be nothing between us now, but silence."

Silence. Silence. The word seemed to throb through the room eerily. The noisy little clock on the wall seemed to be repeating it too.

When the second letter had shared the fate of the first, the woman rose, and resting her arms on the mantelpiece, stared unwinkingly at her own reflection in the mirror. What she saw there did not seem to please her.

"Yes, I have grown old!" she murmured, with a odd catching in her throat. "And my beauty is all gone. I wish it had gone ten years ago. I wish I had died ten years ago. Oh, I am tired—so tired!"

Her head fell forward on her clasped hands.

When she looked up, her strong white teeth were set, and her breath came hard and uneven.

"Oh God! Oh God!" she whispered, in a fierce half-sobbing underbreath. "Is there no justice in all this world? Is it right? Is it fair?—that he should have all the good things of life, while I—while I—"

A knock at the door made her start. It was the landlady's daughter, bearing a note.

"The boy is waiting, miss," she said.

"Say I will come," answered the other, after glancing at the few lines the note contained. "And will you get someone to call a cab, please."

Ten minutes later she was ready. A professional nurse does not spend much of her time in packing.

* * * * * *

"What is it?" she asked Dr. Latimer when he met her in the hall of the somewhat dingy hotel where the cab stopped.

"Man. Low fever, and some inflammation," was the brief answer.

"Is he alone?"

"Yes. Not a creature belonging to him, so far as I can make out. He's going to be rather bad. I hope you're in good form. How long have you been free?"

"I have been at home since last night," she answered quietly.

"He's been ill, off and on, for some days, it seems," went on the little doctor as they went upstairs, higher, higher, until they reached the third floor. "I was called in this evening. He can't be moved—at least, not in the meantime. It would kill him out-right in this bitter weather. I spoke to the manager and told him it was nothing infectious. That's all they care about, I suppose. Your patient's name? Kinsella, I think. Yes, Kinsella. Seen better days, I should say, from his looks. Take care—these steps are steep. Number 107. Here we are."

They entered a good-sized, if rather sparely-furnished bed-room, lit by a couple of candles. A raw young fire sputtered and sparked in the grate, filling the room with biting smoke.

"Tut, tut—this'll never do," muttered the doctor testily, bustling over to the window, and opening it a little way.

"By the way, you don't mind being single-handed for a time, do you?" he added, as he stirred the fire cautiously. "I can't get anyone else in the meantime, for love or money."

"No, I don't mind," the woman answered curtly.

She paused beside the bed, and was standing quite still. Her hands were closely locked. There was no color in her face; and her eyes seemed to have gone very far under their heavy brows. Nor did the beautifully-formed mouth show any pity, but rather a devilish exultance, as her glance swept across the sick man's face.

And yet it was a fine face, a face that some women (most perhaps), would have grown compassionate over, or even tender. And he looked very ill.

"It's no use, you know, you fellows," he was muttering in a low hoarse voice. "They've buried me alive, and I can't get out. I shall choke presently. Ah, it's coming—it's coming. For God's sake take the earth out of my mouth. I can't breathe, I tell you!" And he sprang up in bed with a smothered cry, but fell weakly back again. Then he turned a pair of dark haggard eyes on the woman beside the bed.

"What's the matter?" he said, in an exhausted undertone. "I've been talking nonsense, I suppose. This pain—takes it out of a fellow so."

The nurse did not answer. She only turned and walked across to the fireplace, unfastening her cloak and bonnet as she went.

Dr. Latimer had manipulated the fire satisfactorily by this time, and when he had given a few sharp concise directions, he hurried away. For sickness was rife in London that year, and doctors and nurses alike had their hands full.

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It was past midnight, and the sick man had fallen into a broken sleep. The nurse sat near the bed, watching him.

He was but little changed, she thought bitterly—except for the change that illness always brings. These ten years lay lighter on him than on her.

There was a curious, almost fierce intention in her gaze. Perhaps even through his feverish dreams he felt it, for after moving restlessly for a time, he opened his eyes, and said wearily:

"Who is it? What do you want? I wish you wouldn't come and bother me. I am in such awful pain."

Then all at once his face changed, and he half raised himself on his arm.

"Good God! Ursula—is it you?" he said, and his voice shook. "Can it be you?"

"Yes"—she said, still looking at him—"it is I."

"Why are you here?" he went on, almost in a whisper. "I—I don't understand."

She had risen now, and was turning his pillow.

"There is nothing to understand," she answered in a perfectly unemotional voice. "You are ill—and I am paid to look after you."

"Ah," he said. Then he added wistfully, "I thought perhaps it meant—that you had forgiven me."

An odd light flashed into her eyes for a moment; but no one saw it.

"You had better lie down," she said, her lip curling slightly. "I want to smoothe the bedclothes."

But he was already half-way back to delirium again.

And while he restlessly tossed and moaned and muttered, the woman rocked to and fro beside the fire, repeating voicelessly:

"I!—I to watch by him night and day—to soothe his suffering—to nurse him back to life again! I—who have prayed, during all these weary years, that I might look upon him dead! Oh God!—what ghastly mockery!"

She laughed. At the sound of her own laughter—it sounded strange enough in the quiet room—a curious shiver passed over her, and she pressed her hands to her head as if in some keen physical distress.

Then she rose, and busied herself about the room.

All night Kinsella talked dreary nonsense. But towards morning he said suddenly:

"Ursula—are you still there?"

"Yes—I am still here."

"Then I wish you'd come where I can see you," he went on in an irritable voice. "There are so many things I want to say to you. And I keep going off my head so, confound it."

"You can have nothing to say to me that I care to hear."

"But you shall hear," he said violently. "You cannot——"

"Don't excite yourself," she interrupted him, in the cold voice he remembered so well. "After all, what does it matter? If you like to talk I will listen. Only you had better lie still, and not throw the clothes about."

"I can't lie still," he answered, with a kind of fierce impatience in his weak voice. "And yet I am so tired," he added, wearily—"so infernally tired."

He submitted fretfully while she bathed his face and hands. Then he said, pushing away the glass she held to his lips:

"No, I won't take that stuff. I don't want to go to sleep until I've said what I want to say. Oh, damn this pain—it's like red-hot knives. No—let me alone. I can't bear anything else just now."

The woman sat down and took up her knitting.

"Well?" she said, an undefinable hardness in her cool even tones.

But he lay silent for a long time; then he muttered restlessly:

"Give me something to drink, will you?"

As she took the glass from him, he said:

"Am I going to be very ill, Ursula?"

"If you go on as you are doing, I should think you will," she answered indifferently.

Then she sat down again, and went on with her work.

"You are very cold and cruel, Ursula," he murmured, his voice somewhat choked. "You always were cold and cruel."

She made no answer. She was knitting fast, and her needles clicked monotonously.

"You never gave me a chance to explain—to justify myself," he went on feverishly. "I swear to you I was not the scoundrel you believed me to be. I thought she was dead—curse her. I swear I did. I thought I was free to marry you. Don't close your lips in that way. It reminds me—it reminds me—— Oh, I know I was a brute to marry you at all. But I was so awfully fond of you, Ursula—and though I know you didn't love me, I—" He stopped, and bit his lips nervously.

She looked up suddenly.

"Didn't love you!" she echoed, with a kind of slow, biting scorn. "I hated you. I had always hated you."

He winced perceptibly.

"Yes"—he said faintly—"I know."

"Yes"—she repeated, watching in hard unconcern his trembling lips—"you knew. And you knew I cared for—that other. And yet you deliberately—you and my mother between you—wrecked my life and ruined it. Made me an outcast, neither wife nor maid. A thing to be pointed at, and pitied, and despised."

The words came fiercely through her shut teeth. Her breast rose and fell stormily.

"You have no right to speak in that way," he gasped. "Good God!—do you think I have not suffered too? Do you think the horror and humiliation have been all yours? Loving you as I did, can you not realize——" He paused, and drew his hand shakingly across his lips. Then he went on with a curious wavering tenderness:

"But you are right—it was worse for you—worse for you. It has turned your pretty brown hair white, and taken away the sweet fresh color from your cheeks. Ah, you are changed—terribly changed, my darling."

"Don't dare to call me that!" she said breathlessly. "Don't dare!"

"No, no—I forgot," he muttered. "But—you might have forgiven me, Ursula. You—might have forgiven me."

"I can hear the sea," he added after a minute or two, speaking rapidly and thickly. "A dull kind of roar that never stops. But no, it can't be the sea. What a fool I am! It's the musketry fire, of course. Awfully row these beggars make. Great Scott! how my head throbs. This helmet, I expect. Must get it off. Queer thing I can't sleep at nights. It's so damnably hot; and the sand gets in a fellow's eyes so. Hold up, you brute. Now then, men—steady. Hang it, I can't see. My eyes are full of blood. Let go, you young devil!—— I say, who's that sitting there? It's a woman, by all that horrible. It's my wife! Ursula! Ursula! Ursula!"

His voice rose to a sobbing shriek. He flung himself about the bed, and made the night hideous with his strong cries. And this continued intermittently until morning.

But the woman he called Ursula listened unmoved. What she did for him she did deftly and well. Even at his worst the firm touch of her hand had power to soothe and quiet him.

Some women are born nurses. This was one, it seemed. And because she hated him so, she felt in some curiously subtle, hyper-conscientious way, that she must nurse him with almost painful care. But the tongue of a woman is rarely ruled by her conscience; and while this woman's hands soothed, her tongue stabbed cruelly.

One day was very like another in the quiet sick-room, and the nights were dreary. Kinsella was less violent now in his ravings; and sometimes he was perfectly sensible and collected for an hour or so at a time, before wandering off again into his semi-unconscious mutterings. But his strength was going down rapidly.

One wet afternoon, just at dusk, he opened his eyes and stirred uneasily. From the street below an infant's wailing cry rose piteously and monotonously. The sound seemed to trouble him.

"Is that a child crying?" he asked, when some minutes had passed.

After a listening pause, she answered: "Yes."

"Poor little soul!" he murmured, moving his head restlessly. "Poor little soul!"

Silence pulsed through the room for a time. Kinsella lay very still, a curiously wistful look in his sunken eyes. Then he said in a hoarse, unsteady voice:

"Ursula—had we a child!"

A cruel wave of crimson stained the woman's face, and an awful look leapt into her eyes, then died, as she answered stonily:

"Yes."

"Ah!" He covered his eyes with his hand. When he drew it away again the eyelashes seemed wet.

Dragging himself painfully towards the edge of the bed, he laid a burning hand on the woman's arm.

"And you had that to bear too, Ursula?" he murmured feebly "Poor girl. My poor girl."

She quietly removed his hand, and went on with her work. And she knew how that one slight action would cut him.

"Did it—die?" he asked huskily, after a minute.

"No. Nameless things such as it don't die."

The words sounded brutal enough; and the wince under them—as he had winced many times of late.

Shadows crept into the room, and the fire leapt up to embrace them. The knitting-needles clicked, clicked, unceasingly.

A choking, gasping sound came from the bed: for Kinsella had buried his arm, and was sobbing almost hysterically—like a woman.

Ursula's knitting fell from her hands suddenly. She rose and went over to the fire, crouching before it in the half-lit dusk, a strange mistiness clouding her hard eyes.

As she knelt, she pulled from the bosom of her gown a plain silver locket. She kissed it passionately before she opened it.

It held a small, badly-taken photograph—a photograph of a baby.

"My little child!" she whispered in a quivering underbreath, pressing the thing hard to her lips. "My own little nameless miserable child—that I have not seen for all these years?"

Something warm and wet fell upon the glass, dimming and blurring the baby eyes beneath. Then she found with some surprise that she was crying. She wiped away the tears from the child's pictured face in a kind of nervous awe. It was nearly ten years since she had cried.

And then—it was a queer thing, but life is full of queer things—her hatred of her baby's father gave one wild leap in her and fell again, weakened irrevocably.

She was in some vague way resentfully conscious of this, and rallied all the old bitterness, the old injury, the old passionate shame. She found herself recounting her reasons for hating him. She had never had to do that before. They had always been too present to want naming.

She rose with a defiant shake of her lithe body, and went towards the bed; for it was time her patient had his medicine.

His face was still hidden; the bedclothes rose and fell with his heaving shoulders. The woman hesitated; then laid her hand on his disordered brown hair.

"You must not," she said; and though her voice was cold it was not ungentle. "You are not fit for — for this sort of thing."

Her other hand was resting on the pillow. He drew it towards him; and she felt him kiss the finger from which his ring had been torn away long ago.

"Don't!" she said sharply and hoarsely.

The touch of his lips was like fire, and seemed to creep upwards to her very throat. A dull red blush deepened on her face and neck. Her heart was beating uncomfortably, and made her hand shake as she measured out his medicine.

He took it obediently; but turned away with loathing from the soup she brought him.

"Take it away," he said shuddering. "It is horrible. No—leave your arm as it is a little while."

She had raised his head slightly; it was resting heavily on her shoulder.

An old evil voice was whispering within her. He was as helpless as a little child, this man who had laid waste her life. It would be so easy—so terribly easy—to avenge, suddenly and swiftly, the wrong he had done her. Her, and—it. He was so entirely in her power.

To-night, for the first time, this thought did not fascinate her. It seemed an awful thought to have wilfully harbored. A queer spasm of pity surged through her as she looked down at the white haggard face, the heavy, half-closed eyes, the skin-and-bone hands. Some strange unknown force had awakened in her heart; and it hurt her.

You see, she had pictured him strong, prosperous, forgetful. It was all so different.

He was wandering again now, muttering of many things that had best been buried in silence. She laid his head down on the pillow again, surprised at her own tenderness as she smoothed back the thick damp hair.

Strange thoughts were with her that night in her watching.

As the days crept on, Kinsella grew steadily weaker. Ursula realized this with a knife-like fear that she could hardly account for.

Dr. Latimer said she looked done up. Certainly her face had sharpened of late, and her usually quick, light step had grown dragging and heavy. But into her eyes a new and wonderfully tender light had crept, and lingered. She did not look so often at the little locket now.

It was a Sunday, and it was night. The doctor had just come in. He said but little. He knew that by to-morrow he should have to say less. Ursula watched his face with an almost fierce anxiety, but he shook his head in answer to her half-spoken words, and went out quickly.

"Poor fellow! Poor fellow!" he thought as he went slowly downstairs. "Bless my soul, how he does remind me of my boy Phil."

Ursula stood where he had left her, gripping the bed-rail dizzily.

The night wore on. Kinsella seemed to sleep. His wild mutterings were hushed now, and his pain seemed to have ceased.

On her knees in the fitful firelight Ursula was praying hard—praying as she had never prayed before—praying that her God would forget certain other prayers of hers.

"Give me back this man's life, oh God!" she pleaded voicelessly.

Just these words over and over again.

Then a horrible sense of impotence, of uselessness, came over her.

"I love him so—God help me!" she sobbed. "It has come to that, I love him so. God!—my God!—spare him!"

The fire burned readily. A mouse squeaked in the wainscot. Big Ben was striking three.

A faint moan from the bed made Ursula start noiselessly to her feet. As she bent over Kinsella, listening anxiously to his faint, half-heard breathing, he opened his eyes, and looked at her strangely. She fancied he shrank away from her.

"I have had an ugly dream," he said in a slow, uncertain way—"a terrible dream. Don't let me go to sleep again. Is any one there?—behind you?"

"No, no," she answered soothingly. "There is only me. You are not comfortable. I will lift you up a little."

She raised him deftly, and his head lay against her breast.

"I can hear you heart beat," he said childishly.

He lay quiet for a long time,

And she? Who shall say what her thoughts were?

Quite suddenly he asked—

"Is it nearly morning?"

"The dawn is just beginning to come," she said, involuntarily pressing his head closer against her heart.

"Ah! The night has seemed very long," he murmured with a half sob of weariness. Then he added faintly, "I wish you would kiss me—just once. I shouldn't ask you, only—I shan't last much longer, and—and I have a kind of fancy—that your kiss might make it—easier."

With lips almost as cold as his own, she leaned over and kissed him. He thanked her with a look, and tried to press her hand. But his strength was too far gone now even for that.

After a pause he whispered brokenly:

"Try to forgive me, Ursula. If it's true what they say about—another life—perhaps we'll—we'll understand each other better, you and I—and you'll know—you'll know —— Ah, it's growing very dark—and cold. I wish—I wish I had seen the child, Ursula. I wish——"

A strong shudder shook him, and with a long sobbing breath he turned his face to the wall.

"Jasper!" she cried hoarsely. "Jasper! Ah, wait—and listen. I have forgiven you, Jasper. I have forgiven you!"

Then through the beating silence that followed, her voice quivered away into a piteous heart-broken cry.

For she knew that her words fell upon ears that were deaf to all human speech for ever. Her passionate prayer through all those weary years was answered.

And like the answer to many prayers, it was bitter.

A Human Tiger.

BY COULSON KERNAHAN.

I SHALL never put my foot on board a yacht again. I made that vow once before—two years ago to-day—and I broke it; but the one I have now taken will never be broken, and I think when the reader has heard my story he will hardly wonder at my resolve.

My first vow—the broken one—was made, as I have said, two years ago to-day, and it is of that I must first tell.

A friend of mine asked me to run down to Brightlingsea to spend a day or two with him on board his little ten-tonner yacht, the Dolphin. It was late autumn at the time of which I am speaking, and as I missed the train by which I had arranged to go, I did not arrive at Brightlingsea until it was quite dark, and there was no one to meet me at the station.

The Dolphin was, however, known to all the watermen, so I jumped into a skiff and told the owner to row me out to where she was lying.

To my surprise, there was no one on board the yacht when I arrived there, nor had the lamp been lighted; but I took it for granted that my friend had gone ashore for provisions, and did not, therefore, feel in any way uneasy.

Our party was to consist of four, including the paid hand, or "skipper," as we called him, and myself; and as we could only sleep two in the cabin, it had been arranged that I should "room" in the fo'castle.

Being very fatigued, I thought I might as well take a nap whilst I was waiting, so I crept into one of the fo'castle berths, and in about five minutes was fast asleep.

When I awoke it was quite dark, and I could hear someone moving in the cabin; but as a thick plush curtain was drawn across the entrance, I could not see in. Just as I was about to call out to my friend to tell him I had arrived, this curtain was pushed stealthily aside by a man's hand, which was, I saw, groping carefully about as if in search of something.

In another moment it had alighted upon a foreign-looking dagger or knife, which was lying close to the entrance, as if placed there intentionally, and which was evidently the object of search, for the fingers closed hastily over the handle, and the hand was withdrawn. Not liking the look of things, I crept cautiously forward and peeped between the folds of the curtains.

One glance told me that the cabin was not that of the Dolphin, nor was either of the occupants known to me. One of them, a youth of about nineteen or twenty, was lying upon a cushioned locker, evidently fast asleep.

The light of the lamp fell on his face, and I saw that he had delicate cut features and auburn hair. The white flannel shirt that he wore was unfastened, and thrown back at the neck, leaving his chest bare, and I saw that his skin was as white as a woman's. Standing over him, with one hand raised in the air, was the figure of a man.

He had his back to me, and the light was behind him, so that I could not distinguish his face; but I saw that his hair was dark and curling, and that he wore a heavy drooping moustache.

In his uplifted hand was the knife which I have spoken of; and as I looked at him he brought it down upon the breast of the recumbent youth.

My heart leapt in my bosom like a live thing, and a shudder ran through my frame; but in another moment I saw that the man had stayed his hand within an inch of the sleeper's breast.

I breathed freely again, and told myself that I was a fool for my pains. The man with the knife was probably rehearsing the part which he was to play in some drawing-room theatricals, or was, perhaps, acting out the plot of a tale he was writing.

Three times I saw him raise the knife upwards with a slow and steady movement, and three times he brought it down, till the point almost touched the white skin of the sleeper, and then I saw him raise the knife again and plunge it hilt deep into the heart of his victim.

* * * * * *

When I came to from the faint into which I must have fallen it was broad daylight, and I was lying by myself on the very spot whence I had witnessed the tragedy of the preceding night.

With hands that trembled with nervousness, I drew aside the plush curtains and peered cautiously into the cabin. It was perfectly empty. Murderer and murdered had alike disappeared; nor was the slightest trace of the crime visible.

No drop of blood, nor a sign of a struggle was to be found; and even the cushions which covered the locker were smooth and unpressed.

What to think I knew not. Was it a ghastly dream born of the broodings of an imaginative mind: a vision-warning of something which was yet to come? Or had I, indeed been the witness of a horrible and inhuman crime?

I felt that my brain was turning—that if I allowed my thoughts to dwell further upon this ghastly subject, an illness would be the result; so I hastily hurried on deck, and determined to get away from the place and its associations.

I was so dazed that I did not think of noticing the name of the yacht, but hurriedly got into the dinghy and rowed ashore, and, making straight for the station, took the first train to London.

At first I was convinced that I ought to report what I had seen, or thought I had seen, to the police, but my nerves were so completely upset that I felt I could not bear to allude to the subject for some time.

And even if I did speak of it no one would believe my story, especially as I could bring no proof of its truth; so I decided that if I saw anything in the papers about a murder on a yacht, I would then come forward and tell what I knew, but unless that happened I would say nothing about the affair to anyone.

It was weeks before my nerves recovered from the effects of that night. I vowed solemnly never to set foot on a yacht again, and strove, by every means in my power, to banish the recollections of what had occurred; but although no reference to a murder appeared in the papers all my effort to forget the affair were in vain.

Night after night I saw, in my dreams, the red, murky light of the lamp, the silent, bare-bosomed form of the sleeper, and the dark figure bending over him.

In the daytime, if I tried to occupy my mind by reading, a thin stream of blood stole gushing and gurgling across the page, and I fancied I heard the ghastly whiz of the knife as it pierced the heart of the victim.

After two or three months, however, the affair ceased to trouble me, and when six months had gone by I had almost forgotten the whole matter.

* * * * * *

One bright autumn morning, about twelve months after the events narrated in the preceding chapter, my old schoolfellow Darnton called and told me that he had received a letter from his friend Villiers asking him to run down for a few days' cruising on board his yacht.

He said that Villiers particularly requested that he would bring a friend with him who knew something about "handling a boat," as the paid man or "skipper" had been discharged for drunkenness the day before.

I did not know Villiers except by name, but Darnton assured me that he was a good fellow, and I felt that I wanted a change.

I determined to break my resolution and make the third man on board the Cassiopeia."

We got down to Brightlingsea, where the boat, too, happened at the time to be lying late in the evening, and went on board at once.

I recollect that as we were being rowed out by a waterman all my old dread came back, and that I felt as if I would give a great deal to break the engagement I had made, and I strove in vain to shake off a horrible presentiment of approaching evil that seized upon me.

It was dark on deck when I was introduced to Villiers, and although I could not distinguish his features, there was something in his voice and manner which made me feel I should like him. After a few minutes we went below, and when I looked at him I saw that he was dark, with almost black hair and eyes, and wore a heavy, drooping moustache.

His face was pale and sallow, and had a worn, haggard look, which was strangely out of keeping in so young a man. How to describe the feelings that came over me I hardly know. A mysterious horror rose and brooded in my mind like the shadow of an evil thing.

Horror of what or of whom I knew not, and this it was which made it so strange and unaccountable.

Certainly it was not horror of Villiers, for towards him I already experienced a feeling akin to friendship—friendship touched with pity for the suffering which I saw so plainly written on his face.

No, it was not horror of him, but of something connected with him,—what I could not say. I felt certain that he was not the man whom I had seen standing with the knife in his hand over the sleeping youth; and yet when he went once to get something out of the fo'castle, and in doing so turned his back on me for a moment, I could have sworn that his was the form I had seen on that awful day.

There were the close, curly hair: there was the heavy, drooping moustache; and there, too, were the firm, squarely-set shoulders, which I remembered so distinctly.

I had been so terrified at the time of the murder that I had not noticed the appearance of the cabin, yet when I looked round this boat of Villiers I could not help feeling that this was not the first time I had been in it: and then—O God!—there were the plush curtains drawn over the fo'castle entrance, just as I had seen them before.

My brain was in a whirl. I felt sure that Villiers' face was not the face of a murderer, nor that of a man capable of murder, and yet I could have sworn to his being the same man I had seen in my dream—if dream, indeed, it were—and in my own mind I felt sure it was no dream, but a hideous reality.

We had hardly been on board ten minutes before we heard the hail, "Cassiopeia ahoy!" and in another moment a friend of Villiers', whom I did not know, rowed alongside.

"How are you, Villiers?" he called out. "You have someone on board called Darnton, I think. I have just been to the post-office, to call for letters, and there was a telegram for him, so I brought it with me."

Darnton tore the telegram open, and hastily scanned it. "I'm very sorry, Villiers," he said, "but I must run back to town to-night, on a matter of importance.

"I will catch the first train down in the morning, and will be with you almost as soon as you and Kirton have got her under weigh.

"It's a great nuisance, old fellow, but can't be helped. I've only a bare quarter of an hour to catch the last train, so must be off at once."

The thought of passing a night alone with Villiers on that gloomy boat made me feel so nervous that, all unthinking of the discourtesy of what I was saying, I called out hastily, "I'll go back with you, Darnton," and then I stopped short, ashamed of my rudeness.

"Go back!" Darnton said, in astonishment. "What the deuce do you mean?"

"Well," I stammered, "I know Mr. Villiers will excuse my apparent lack of courtesy, but there is a matter of some importance which it would be as well to see to to-night."

"I shouldn't like to interfere with any of your engagements, Mr. Kirton," said Villiers, quietly though earnestly; "but if you can manage to stay here to-night I shall be sincerely glad. I have a particular reason for asking this which I will tell you by and by."

In the face of this, I could of course do nothing but consent, so I stammered out that I would stay with pleasure, and in another moment Darnton had taken his departure, and we were left alone.

"What I am going to tell you," said Villiers, after he had returned to the cabin,

"I should not have mentioned, were it not that I wish to explain why it is that I am so anxious not to be left here alone to-night. We are at present little more than strangers, but I feel as though we ought to be, and shall be, friends, and I know I can trust you to consider my communication as confidential. The reason why I pressed you to stay is that there was a fearful murder committed on board this yacht exactly twelve months ago to-night, and the remembrance of what happened is still so vividly pictured in my memory that I dread passing the night here alone. I knew both the murderer and his victim intimately, and no one else is aware of the crime. The perpetrator is still unpunished, and I have taken no steps to bring him to justice; but I think that if you were acquainted with the facts of the case, you would not consider the course I have taken as quite inexcusable. More I must not tell you. It has tired me severely to say what I have."

He spoke truly, for his face was deadly pale, and beads of perspiration were standing out upon his forehead; but I was so horrified at finding my presentiments thus fulfilled that I could hardly command myself to reply.

I recollected that it was the 26th of September, and that it was upon the same date (although this had not occurred to me before), in the preceding year that I had witnessed the tragedy.

The belief that this Villiers was the man whom I had seen commit the murder was fast gaining ground in my mind, and yet, when I looked at his gentle but haggard face, I felt it impossible that he would be guilty of anything of the sort.

We made no attempt at further conversation, except that Villiers said in a low, hoarse voice, "He was lying there on the locker where you are sitting when the murder was committed. But forgive me, Mr. Kirton—you are tired, and I am but poor company. Perhaps you would like to turn in now?"

"Thank you. Yes; I think I will," I replied. "But if you do not mind I will take the fo'castle berth. I could not rest here, for I should fancy I saw the murderer standing over me all night."

He shuddered, but made no reply beyond bowing acquiescence, so I wished him "Good-night," and took up my quarters on the very spot whence I had witnessed so terrible a sight twelve months before.

I lay tossing in my berth for hours, and then, just as I was composing myself for sleep, I heard the sound of oars, and felt the jar of a boat striking against the yacht's side. I raised myself in my berth, and peered through the curtains. The cabin door, which opened out into the cockpit, was unclosed as we had left it, and I fixed my eyes on the cockpit, knowing, as I had secured the fo'castle hatch, that there was no other means of entrance. Villiers had left this top thrown back an inch or two to admit the air, and, as I looked, I could see the lambent gleam of a large planet shining through the opening. Suddenly the light of the planet disappeared as though some dark body had intervened, and, in another moment, I saw two wild and fiery-looking eyes glaring through.

Slowly and silently the sliding top of the cockpit was pushed back, and the form of a man stepped noiselessly down, and into the cabin.

The form was the form of Villiers, but the sorrowful look was gone from the face, which had the expression of an incarnate devil. The eyes seemed literally alive, and under the dark moustache I could see the white teeth clenched and set like the eyes of a wild beast. As I looked more closely at him I saw that he was carrying a knife. Like a tiger tackling his prey I saw him steal stealthily round to the head of the locker, where he had himself been lying, and where I saw, wrapped in one of the yacht's rugs, and apparently fast asleep, the form of a man.

Who was he, or how he came there, I could not tell, as I was unable to see his face; nor had I any time to speculate, for Villiers was creeping towards him on tiptoe, with the knife upraised above his shoulder as if to strike.

I was just about to call out to warn the stranger of his danger, when he suddenly sprang up, and seized the would be murderer by the throat, grasping the knife with the other hand, and as the light fell upon his face, I saw—was I mad, or was I dreaming?—the face of Villiers himself.

I feared that my senses were going—that all must be some dream phantom of a diseased brain; and, in despair, I closed my eyes to see if I could shut out the apparition.

Suddenly I heard a cry of "Kirton! Help! Murder!" and, as I opened my eyes I saw that Villiers who had been asleep on the locker was lying full length on the floor; over him, with one hand on his throat and the other grasping the knife, was the Villiers whom I had seen enter by the cockpit.

In a moment I had leapt lightly from my berth, and was creeping noiselessly towards him.

He had his back to me, and was unaware of my presence, or he would not have trifled with his victim as he did.

Three times I saw his raise the knife aloft and bring it down to within an inch of the breast of the prostrate man, who was almost suffocated by the grasp on his throat, for his face was of a dark purple, and his eyeballs were protruding from their sockets.

And then, as the assassin raised his knife for a final stroke, I sprang upon him from behind, snatched it from his astonished grasp, and in a moment had him on the floor with the point to his breast.

Before I could make use of the advantage, his intended victim grasped my arm as in a vice shouting, "For God's sake don't strike! He is my brother; my mad brother."

I stayed my hand in response to the appeal, but my doing so nearly cost me my own life, for in another moment the murderer had flung me to the ground as though I were a child.

He got his knee upon my breast, and would have torn the knife from my grasp, and I make no doubt stabbed me to the heart, had I not flung it to the other end of the cabin, where it was out of his reach.

And then began a struggle for life; such as even now I can hardly bear to think of. Three times the madman had Villiers on the ground, and had almost throttled him before I could tear him off; twice he got me under him, his knee on my chest, and his hand with a vice-like a grip on my throat, that I could feel my tongue and eyes protruding from my head.

It is true that there were two of us against him, but he fought with the fury of five men or of five tigers; and just as I felt that my strength was failing, and that I could not continue the struggle much longer, we heard the quick plash of oars, and Villiers' friend, who had brought the telegram for Barnton, rushed down, accompanied by two men, and helped us to secure him.

Their yacht was moored close by, and hearing the cries and noise of the struggle, they had come to learn the cause.

It was fortunate for us that it was so, for I believe that in another minute both Villiers and myself must have fallen victims to the fury of the madman; for even when there were five of us it was all we could do to overpower him.

We soon learnt the facts of the case. He was Villiers' twin and only brother, and had always been moody and strange, although it was not until the night that he murdered the unfortunate youth on the yacht that the homicidal mania had manifested itself.

Villiers had come on board early in the morning after the crime, while I was in the faint or sleep, and had found his brother holding his devilish orgies over the corpse of the victim.

He had assisted in disposing of the body, and had, very culpably, concealed what occurred; and as the murdered man was a foreigner, his disappearance had made no stir in this country.

Villiers had taken steps to get his brother placed in a private asylum in the neighborhood, but had I not been on board that night he would doubtless have fallen a victim to the murderous attack of the madman, who probably remembered that it was the anniversary of the crime, and had managed to evade his keepers, in order that he might satisfy his tigerish thirst for blood. I need not say that steps since been taken to place him where escape will be impossible.

I was months before I recovered from the effects of that awful struggle. My nerves are now good order again, but I shall not this time break the vow which I made, and the reader may be sure that the terrible night which I passed on board the Cassiopeia will be my last yachting trip.

CHARACTER is what we are when we think nobody is watching us.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Bananas are reported as becoming a useful article to manufacturers. Bread flour, sausage and beer can be made out of the fruit; while the juice of the peel is said to contain a really indelible ink and a superior article of vinegar. The fibre of the peel, it is further stated, is to be utilized in making a cloth which is said to have great strength and remarkable beauty.

The slow machinery of the English Government has just turned out the report of vital statistics in 1891. It appears that the steady decline in the number of early marriages which began in 1874 still continues. In the latter year 84 in 1000 bridegrooms and 227 in 1000 brides were under 21. In 1891 only 50 men and 110 women in 1000 married under age. The odd fact also appears that the proportion of Jews in the population of England has more than doubled in 20 years, without counting immigration. This extraordinary fecundity is quite unmatched by any other class in the population.

A correspondent in Elizabeth asks us to state for his benefit the total number of Union soldiers killed in battle during the Civil War. According to the statistics compiled by the Provost Marshal General's Office, and generally accepted as authoritative, the total number of violent deaths in all of the Union armies during the whole war was 65,158. The total number of deaths during the war from wounds in battle, from disease and unknown causes was 301,399. We may add that the total pensions in force on account of alleged service in the war is rapidly approaching the round million, and that one month ago the number of claims of all sorts pending in the Pension Office was 776,687.

Rutherford B. Hayes was the only man who ever held the position of President to die of heart disease. Washington expired of pneumonia, John Adams of natural decline, Thomas Jefferson of chronic diarrhœa, James Madison and James Monroe of natural decline, John Quincy Adams of paralysis, Andrew Jackson of consumption, Martin Van Buren of asthmatic catarrh, William H. Harrison of pleurisy, John Tyler of a bilious attack, James K. Polk of chronic diarrhœa, Zachary Taylor of bilious fever, Millard Fillmore of natural decline, Franklin Pierce of inflammation of stomach, James Buchanan of rheumatic gout, Abraham Lincoln assassinated, Andrew Johnson paralysis, U. S. Grant cancer, James A. Garfield assassinated, Chester A. Arthur Bright's disease. He was one of three Methodists to become President, Johnson and Grant being the other two.

Americans who chance to receive letters from Russia are usually surprised to find the foreign postage stamp on their envelope used as a seal—affixed, that is to say, to the centre of the side opposite to that on which the address is written. Sometimes Russians settling in the United States continue the practice acquired at home, much, of course, to the annoyance of United States post-office officials. A case of this kind occurred recently in New York State, but it was explained quite inadequately by a writer in the World, who alleged that the colonists sealed their letters with the postage stamp because communications from the United States were usually opened in the Russian post-office before delivered. As a matter of fact the habit is diffused all through Russia, and simply means that distrust of the Imperial post-office in that country is widespread.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.

FREE

For 30 Days. To introduce our CRAYON PORTRAITS we make this Special Offer: Send us a Cabinet Picture, Photograph or any picture of yourself or any member of your family (return of same guaranteed) and we will make you a LIFE SIZE Crayon Portrait, also your choice of one of our beautiful Frames, as shown in cut, all complete, exactly as described, and pay all express charges to any address in the United States. In order to introduce our high grade Crayon Work in every locality we will not charge you one cent for the Portrait, Frame or anything connected with the picture you wish not interfering with likeness. Refer to any bank in Chicago. Address THE CHENEY CRAYON CO., Opposite New Grand Opera House, CHICAGO, ILL. P. S. We will further state to any one writing us at once and not receiving crayon picture FREE as per this offer. This offer is bonafide.

A RICH CUT!

CUT IT OUT, IT MAY SAVE YOU!

You have been suffering for years from some chronic disease or other; you have swallowed drugs enough to stock an apothecary shop; possibly also you have spent considerable sums with advertising specialists, and, having failed to notice the least change for the better in your condition, you now decide to give up all further struggle towards recovering your health, having come to the conclusion that there is no possible help for you this side the grave. Possibly you may be correct, but probably you are mistaken and on that probability I will take a sixty per cent. chance in order to cheer your now hopeless condition. Cut this ad. out and take it to your minister; possibly you may there meet some fellow sufferers on the same mission bent; let him invest ten or twenty dollars for you on the plan suggested in my open letter to the clergy; he will protect us mutually and you may be happily disappointed in recovering your health. My remedy is not a drug; it is known as

HELMER'S BI-OZONE CURE,

and among diseases cured have been cases of Epilepsy, Heart Disease, Obesity, Drunkenness, the Tobacco Habit, Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Pneumonia, Hay Fever, Whooping Cough, Nervous Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Trouble, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Skin Disease, Disorders of Microbic origin, etc., many of them relieved as if by magic.

TO THE CLERGY OF AMERICA:—

Gentlemen:—It has been my good fortune to discover a true remedy. This remedy I have found to be ozone and the multiplying results of the most gratifying character sustain my affirmation by facts. It has passed the experimental stage, having been successfully applied by prominent physicians in this city and elsewhere, as well as by some of the foremost families in the land, and, believing that your personal sympathy for your congregations extends to their physical as well as to their spiritual welfare I invite your kind arbitration on behalf of Truth and Justice and in the interest of a suffering humanity, that heretofore has been imposed upon by charlatans and unprincipled quacks time and again.

MY FIRST OFFER.

I will guarantee noticeable relief or cure to at least two out of every five patients who will faithfully use a monthly treatment of $10 00 each. To compensate you in part for your trouble I will accept a draft for $15.00 negotiable in New York City and dated one month ahead. Should the relief or cure in the above proportion be not obtained at the end of the month you may stop payment of draft.

MY SECOND OFFER.

I will send five ninety-day treatments of $30.00 each for a draft for $60.00, dated ninety days ahead, warranting noticeable relief or cure to three of the five or forfeit payment of the whole.

These offers must not lead to the supposition that I slam the gate of Hope in the face of the rest, but some cases have taken four and six months and even a year before there was any well defined noticeable change for the better that were afterward cured. This is especially applicable to elderly people suffering from chronic cases of long standing.

This offer is made exclusively to clergymen and any other orders or offers, UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY REMITTANCE OF EITHER $10 00 OR $30 00, FOR A ONE OR THREE MONTH'S HOME TREATMENT RESPECTIVELY, will not be noticed.

Among the hundreds of testimonials received, the following from one of the responsible department chiefs in the New York Central R. R. System is to the point:

TREASURER'S OFFICE,
Union Stock Yard and Market Company
Transfer Station Central Depot
A. T. THOMAS, Treasurer
New York, 1892

DEAR SIR:

I have refrained from saying anything concerning your Bi-Ozone Cure until a thorough test of its effects in [illegible] could be made.

Having used it daily for three months, I think I am now in a position to speak with some authority on the subject. A case of [illegible] bronchial asthma is not to be cured in a few weeks' time, and I have not expected it; but I take great pleasure in stating that both have so much improved that I shall continue the use of Bi-Ozone, feeling satisfied that a permanent cure is only a question of a short time longer.

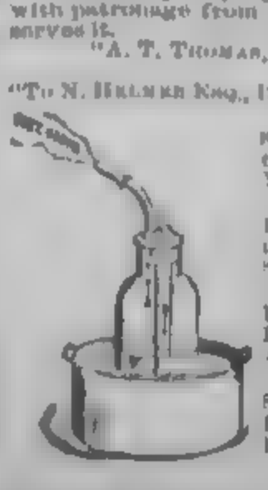
"A noticeable feature in the effect of the remedy is a greatly improved condition of general health and remarkable immunity from ordinary colds.

"Bronchial and asthmatic troubles usually have attendant catarrhal [illegible]. I am happy to say the latter is as much improved as the former, and with the gradual removal of bronchitis the catarrh is disappearing also.

"I sincerely hope your remedy may meet with patronage from the public it richly deserves it.

"A. T. THOMAS, Grand Central Depot.

To N. HELMER Esq., 12th St. and B'way.



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BROOKLYN OFFICE Dr. S. HELMER, N. W. cor 5th Avenue and 17th Street.

BRIDGEPORT OFFICE, Dr. H. M. DICKINSON, 130 Fairfield Avenue.

Dr. W. W. CLARK, Sole Agent for Ohio, 310 Franklin avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

Our Young Folks.

THE ANGRY OWL.

BY J. A. MANSON.

THE great old oak at the corner of the park had become quite noisy as spring came on. I do not, of course, mean to say that it had found the "tongues in trees" which Shakespeare tells us of, and become what my little girl the other day called "talkative and laughative" on its own account. No; it was the tits that made the branches and twigs of the ancient tree resound with incessant chirpings and twitterings.

There never were such birds for chattering! The old owl, who had dozed all day in the hollow half-way up the trunk for years before even the tits' great-great-grandfathers were hatched, got quite annoyed with it. The family seemed endless, and they were all so attached to each other, that they were always collecting to have a gossip, and to wake him up.

Then they were so fearless; nothing frightened them. When the keeper came round that side of the park, and the old owl, who hadn't dozed for years in the oak-tree for nothing, sat so motionless, that you might almost have mistaken him for part of the trunk, why, then the tits would flutter and chirp over the keeper's head, as if they did not care a rap for him. And the old owl only heard the keeper laugh, and say—

"Ah! you little rascals! I've no grudge against you, though. I'll just leave you to the tender mercies of the gardener when he catches you at the fruit buds in the orchard, later on. Now, if I could only find who's been at the eggs in the dovecote again!"

And when the old owl heard that he blinked nervously, and his fluffy white feathers shook like thistle-down blown by the wind.

And then a wren got into the habit of joining the noisy party. The old owl had no patience with such a ridiculous little bird—hardly worth calling a bird at all.

But the wren cared not a pin what the owl thought of him—"stupid, lazy thing, asleep all day!" and pranced about, jerking his funny little bit of tail, and adding to the tits' noise.

Things reached a climax, however, when Mr. and Mrs. Tom-tit decided to build in the old oak-tree.

All the tom-tits' sisters and cousins and aunts seemed to have a voice in the matter. Mr. Tom-tit was a very fine fellow, with his collar of bright blue, and his heather-mixture suit of gray and green and blue, and he evidently thought his private affairs of the utmost importance to the world at large.

To add insult to injury, of all places in the oak-tree he chose the magpie's last year's nest, the hole where two branches joined.

This was adding insult to injury, thought the owl; for he had been always hoping the magpie would return and take up her spring quarters again there that year.

The magpie and he were great friends—"birds of a feather," the keeper said, for he could never quite find out which did the more mischief.

But the nest was begun, and all day long the tom-tits pervaded the tree. Their funny little beaks were so clever, they made the magpie's hole quite comfortable, lining it inside with their own bright little feathers, and then Mrs. Tom-tit laid in it six little speckled eggs.

The old owl watched the whole business with rising indignation against the intruders on his repose, and sleepily vowed vengeance against them.

Someone else watched them too. This was Teddy, the keeper's boy. The bird-nesting season was in full swing, and so were Teddy's holidays.

One day the owl got a fresh and sudden shock. It was mid day, and he was sound asleep, when he was rudely awakened by voices below—yes, and on his oak-tree.

"Higher up, Teddy!" called the little brother on the grass. "Keep straight on: it's at the corner."

Scratch, scuffle, tear! The owl opened his eyes just the least little bit in the world, and beheld Teddy clambering along the branch to the tits' nest.

"All right, here it be!" he shouted joyfully.

The old owl knew a boy when he saw one, and he knew they were generally up to no good.

"Here was a joke," thought he: "Teddy's going to rob the nest!" and he woke quite up with joy.

For he knew that Mr. Tom-tit was out foraging, and that none of the rest of the tribe were about at the moment, only Mrs. Tom-tit at home, as she rarely left her eggs.

The owl blinkingly watched Teddy reach the nest, and put his hand into the hole, and then he could no longer contain his joy, and gave a great screech of delight.

It startled Freddy on the grass below, and he glanced up and saw who uttered it. But Teddy above hardly heeded it. For as he put his hand into the hole there came from the angry Mrs. Tom-tit inside a hiss, like the hiss of a snake.

Teddy pulled back his hand promptly, and nearly tumbled off the branch with fright.

"Oh my!" he cried.

"What?" shouted his brother.

"I do believe there's a snake in this hole!" he cried.

"Best leave it alone, then!" responded Freddy.

And two minutes later, Mrs. Tom-tit, as she cautiously protruded a little blue head, had the satisfaction of seeing Teddy rejoin his brother on the ground below.

The owl was angry.

"Yes you are a pair of—boys! No one else would have been so stupid! Why, you might have taken all the eggs, and I should have been rid of the lot of them!"

But Freddy, as the boys walked off together, remarked to his brother—

"I say, did you hear the owl screech when you were up the tree? I saw it. I believe that's the owl father's been looking for ever so long. Now we know where he lives."

When Mr. Tom-tit returned he found the old owl prepared to give the tom-tits a bit of his mind.

He had caught an incautious mouse, who had ventured up the tree after the squirrel's hoard. The owl stood with his cruel claws upon the mouse, staring angrily at Mr. Tom-tit.

"I give you fair warning, you impudent birds: you've had a narrow escape, and you'd better be off, and not bother me here any longer!"

"Hist! Hist!" hissed Mr. Tom-tit. "And who are you to order us about, I should like to know?"

"Who he is: a great ugly thing, all one color; calls himself a bird!" laughed a long-tailed tit, swinging on a twig.

"Such a beak" piped a tiny voice. It was the wren who had hopped up.

"And who are you?" screeched the owl. "I can't see you!"

"Because you're sleepy. Go back to bed!" chirped the wren.

"What's all this fuss about?" asked a big tit.

And then they all began to tell him, half-a-dozen speaking at once. And they made such a noise that they hardly knew what was happening.

But suddenly, just as the owl was screeching at them again, there was a great bang, and he stopped quite short, dropping the mouse, and fell himself, down, down, down, and disappeared among the green leaves.

The tits dispersed hurriedly.

"It's the gardener," said Mr. Tom-tit, remembering stolen fruit. And his wife covered over her eggs.

But nothing further happened, except that they never saw the owl again in the tree. Once the long-tailed tit thought he saw an owl very much like him nailed against the barn-door, but that owl was quiet and calm, and did not screech.

A JAPANESE QUERIM.—The following details with regard to the hair-dressing of Japanese ladies may be of interest in these days, and may help to elucidate much of the mystery which always surrounds the meaning of a Japanese picture. In Japan a girl at the age of nine wears her hair tied up in a red scarf, bound around the back of the head; the forehead is left bare, with the exception of a couple of locks, one on each side. When she is of marriageable age she combs her hair forward, and makes it up into the shape of a fan or a butterfly, and at the same time decorates it with silver cord, and tails of varied colors. This means everything, and is fully understood by the young men of Japan. A widow who wishes for a second husband puts a tortoise-shell pin horizontally at the back of her head, and twists her hair around it, while an unconsolable widow cuts her hair short and goes in for no adornment of any sort. These last are very rare. By these simple means much confusion is avoided. A glance around a ball-room suffices to tell the age and status of every lady in the place, and a great deal might be said for the introduction of such a custom into this country.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.—A number of candidates for schoolmasters' certificates were recently examined in Germany. One was shown a stuffed squirrel and asked, "Where is this species of squirrel to be found?"

"In the dealer's window," was the reply.

"What is this?" asked the professor, showing another candidate a butterfly.

"That's a butterfly, sir."

"No doubt, but what kind of butterfly?"

"Ach, Himmel," was the answer, "we have so many of them in our parts that we never pay any attention to him!"

"It is now four o'clock here," remarked the examiner to a candidate for honors in geography; "what is it in London?"

"Well, it must be quite as late there," was the reply.

"How many square miles does the North Pole cover?" was another question, to which came the answer, "No one knows. A great many people have tried to go there, but not one has succeeded in the attempt."

"How do you teach children the difference between the right and left bank of a river?"

"I don't teach them that, because there is river in our parts."

Another candidate was shown a skeleton map and asked to name a particular mountain; but he observed that the map was a bad one, as the names were not marked on it as in the one at home, which was far superior.

"Why did the companions of Columbus refuse to go farther?" was another question.

"Because," replied the candidate, "they had come to the spot where the ship would have tipped over; for you know, sir, the earth is round!"

"NOTHING EXTRAORDINARY." Colonel W. K. Stuart tells the following story of a Scotch subaltern at Gibraltar. The latter was one day on guard with another officer, who, unfortunately, fell down a precipice four hundred feet, and was killed.

Non-military readers should understand that in the guard reports there is a small addendum—viz., "N. B. Nothing extraordinary since guard mounting"—the meaning of which is that, in case anything particular should occur, the officer commanding the guard is bound to mention it.

Our friend, however, said nothing about the accident that had occurred to his brother officer; and, some hours after, the brigade-major came to his quarters, on the part of the officer commanding, with the report in his hand, to demand an explanation.

The brigade-major, addressing him, said, "You say, sir, in your report, 'N. B. Nothing extraordinary since guard mounting,' when your brother officer, on duty, with you, has fallen down a precipice, four hundred feet, and been killed."

"Weel, sir," replied B——, "I dinna think there's onything extraordinary in it ava; if he'd faun doon a precipice four hundred feet, and no been killed, I should ha'e thought it vary extraordinary indeed, and wad ha'e put it doon in my report."

OUT GENERALLED.—Scottish shrewdness is occasionally overmatched by Irish wit. The handful of people who inhabit Tory Island, a little spot in the Atlantic, off the Irish coast, enjoy so much health and so little wealth that there is no doctor on the island. In rare cases of emergency a physician is brought in a boat from the nearest village on the mainland.

On one occasion, some islanders who were obliged to summon the doctor found that he had gone to Dublin on business. As the case was urgent, they invoked the services of the only other practitioner within a score of miles. This gentleman was a Scotsman, with the proverbial "canniness" of his race, and declined to undertake the voyage unless he received his fee—a golden sovereign—in advance. There was no help for it, and the money was paid.

The physician went to Tory Island and attended to the case. But when he inquired for a boat to take him away, he found that not a boatman on the island would ferry him back again for any less consideration than two pounds, paid in advance. The doctor had to part with the two sovereigns, and to admit that he had been beaten at his own game.

OF money, wit and virtue believe one fourth of what you hear.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Paris is said to have about 50,000 rag-pickers.

Nancy Hanks is the name of an Atchison, Kansas, street-car horse.

A dog birthday party has been held in New York society. Tots is a pointer.

"Aloha!" is the correct salutation in Hawaii, and it is said to mean "I love you."

One of Wisconsin's exhibits at the World's Fair will be a large monolith, 107 feet high.

A stock breeder at Cameron, Missouri, claims to have recently received $2,000 for a cow.

A thief at Carterville, Missouri, lately stole a steak that a family had prepared for breakfast.

Extensive surveys have lately been made for a cable between North America and Australia.

A child weighing less than two pounds was recently born to Swedish parents at Goshen, Ind.

The Dowagiac, Michigan, Salvation Army will vary the usual run of things by giving a cake walk.

A canary bird which died at Huntsville, Ga., a few days ago, was reputed to be over 15 years of age.

A charitable Raleigh, North Carolina, liquor dealer recently distributed 250 pounds of flour among the poor.

P. C. Ward, of Hickman, Ky., claims to have recently killed 300 ducks in a single day's hunt, firing 351 shots.

The wife of Dr. Wm. Endris, of St. Louis, was granted a divorce because her husband was a cigarette fiend.

An aluminium slate pencil is said to be everlasting. It can be handed down from one generation to another.

Large watches, that sell for $1.50, designed to be carried in the overcoat pocket, are made by a Connecticut firm.

A resident of Alton, Mo., claims to have recently sold a dollar, coined in 1804, to a Chicago coin collector for $132.

A teacher in a Fall River night school threatens to resign unless the pupils cease filling the inkstands with tobacco juice.

Dr. Gatling's newest gun fires 2000 bullets a minute. It throws out the balls faster than two men can shovel them into the magazine.

The use of ornamental terra cotta as a building material has increased greatly in this and other Eastern cities during the past ten years.

A resident of White City, Kansas, owns a heifer that is not yet five years old, and which has, it is said, raised six calves, giving birth to twins three times.

A prisoner was discharged at Lexington, Mo., lately, because the officials objected to the town being at the expense of heating the jail for only one prisoner.

The District Court at Sherman, Texas, has had 220 divorce suits added to its docket within the past three months. South Dakota is in danger of losing her laurels.

One day recently at Helena, Montana, the thermometer registered 16 degrees above zero at noon, and at midnight of the same day, it is reported, it registered six degrees below.

Two 10-cent Confederate stamps recently carried a small package from Granby, Mass., to Boston. The package had gone through the postoffices at Granby, Hadley and Boston unnoticed.

The average duration of lives in the United States is: 41.8 years for storekeepers, 43.5 for teamsters, 44.6 for seamen, 47.3 for mechanics, 48.4 for merchants, 52.6 for lawyers, and 64.3 for farmers.

Samuel Dodd, aged 8 years, of Kentucky, is now serving a year's sentence in the penitentiary for grand larceny. He is reported to be the youngest convict ever recorded in that State.

The number of languages spoken by mankind at present is estimated at 3000. The Bible has been translated into 200 languages only, but these 200 are spoken by about two-thirds of the entire population of the globe.

Between 1792 and 1815, as the official figures of the French Academy of Sciences show, 4,000,000 Frenchmen went to war, and one-half of them were killed in battle or died of wounds and diseases contracted in the field.

On awakening the other morning a farmer, who lives near Shelby, North Carolina, was much surprised on seeing 17 rabbits huddled together in a corner of the room. They had entered the house to escape the cold.

Charles Coombs, teacher of a school in Madison county, Kentucky, recently assisted his scholars in tying a roman candle to a dog's tail. The candle, however, prematurely exploded, and one of the balls struck the professor in the mouth and finally lodged in his stomach. Three doctors are reported to be in constant attendance.

TRUE LOVE.

BY W. W. LORD.

True love is as pure as the heavens above,
And deep as the blue, blue sea;
It holds its own thro' darkness and light—
Do you hold it, dear, for me?

'Tis steadfast when sorrow and trouble comes,
Unchanging, faithful and true;
In shadow and sunshine 'tis ever the same,
This love that I hold, dear, for you.

OF PUSSY'S FRIENDS.

Scott's love of dogs did not prevent his delighting in the company of "a conversable cat," like the big gray puss who was almost as important a member of the Abbotsford household as Maida herself. His grave interested demeanor when listening to his master reading the old romance of Arthur to Washington Irving, impelled his fellow-auditor to observe that he evidently had a taste for black-letter literature.

"Ah," said Sir Walter, "these cats are a very mysterious kind of folk; there is always more passing in their minds than we are aware of: it comes, no doubt, from their being so familiar with warlocks and witches."

Then he told the story of the guidman who told his guidwife that he had met a funeral procession of cats on his way home; whereupon the family cat exclaimed, "Then I am the king of the cats!" and vanished up the chimney.

"Our grimalkin here," added Scott, "reminds me of the story by the airs of sovereignty he assumes; and I am apt to treat him with respect from the idea that he may be a great prince incog., and some time or other come to the throne."

Bentham did not dream of his feline companion attaining quite so high a dignity. On his first coming he had christened him Langbourne; but as he developed in width and wisdom, the philosopher dubbed him, "Sir John Langbourne;" and when advanced years brought increased gravity, induced him into the Church, to die in full possession of all his faculties and be mourned as the "Rev. Sir John Langbourne, D. D."

Josh. Billings resented the suggestion that "William" was too dignified an appellation for his favorite, and insisted that such a special blue-blooded specimen of the feline critter deserved a dignified name, adding: "Poor old man! he has had fits recently; and now I call him Fitzwilliam!"

When Pius IX. sat down to dine, his cat came in with the soup, mounted a chair opposite him, and dumbly and decorously looked on until the Pontiff had finished his meal. Then it received its own at its master's hands, and took leave till the same hour the next day.

The demise of puss alarmed the Pope's household, lest he should be painfully affected by the loss of his old table companion; but His Holiness "did not seem to care a bit more about it than he had cared for the death of his Secretary, the Cardinal Antonelli."

A much more pronounced cat-lover was the Abbe Galiani, who declared his life at Naples would have been unbearably dull but for the companionship of his two cats, of such value in his eyes, that losing one through a servant's negligence, the Abbe made a clean sweep of his household, vowing he should hang himself in despair if the lost one were not recovered, which, fortunately, came about in time to avert such a catastrophe.

Lamenting the passing away of his friend the Archbishop of Taranto, Sir Henry Holland says: "His cat and the Archbishop, sitting together as they generally did, made a picture of themselves, the former looking the more austere theologian of the two."

A friend visiting Bishop Thirlwall in his retirement, thinking he looked uncomfortable and weary, asked why he did not sit in the easy-chair.

"Don't you see who is there?" was the reply of the Bishop, as he pointed to a big cat fast asleep on the cushion. "She must not be disturbed."

The great Churchman preferred his cat's comfort to his own, like Mohammed, who cut off the sleeve of his robe rather than interfere with the repose of his beloved Muezza.

Razzi the painter's Angora cats shared his affection with a troop of squirrels, monkeys, goats, and asses.

Mind, the "Raphael of cats," loved cats only, and did not care how many he had about him. His special pet was always at his side when he worked, to be talked to and answer in cat language.

When an epidemic of madness broke out among the feline population of Berne, the police killed every cat they could find; but Mind contrived to hide his pet until all danger was past. While rejoicing at her escape, he never forgot or forgave the massacreing of his favorite animals, for his love extended to the whole race.

That apparently was the case with Harlequin Rich, for when pretty Peg Woffington succeeded in obtaining audience with him, she found Rich lolling on a sofa, with a cup of tea in one hand, a playbook in the other, and seven-and-twenty cats of all ages, sizes, and colors bearing him company; some on the floor, some on his knees, some perched on his arms, others on his shoulders, and one cleverly balanced on his head.

Lover of all things fair, Theophile Gautier had a passion for cats, born in boyhood, when his gray cat used to bite Madame Gautier's legs whenever she took her son to task. No gift was so acceptable to Gautier as a cat; but he was fairly alarmed when he received a white Angora, "a veritable Apollo." He said he should not dare to offer it anything but white mice.

His cats were given grand names—Zobeide, Zuleima, Zuleika, Cleopatra, Zi-zi, were some of them. Childebrand was a splendid tawny, black-striped specimen.

A red-coated, white-breasted, pink-nosed, blue-eyed beauty was named Madame Theophile because she walked with him in the garden, reposed on his arm indoors, and slept at the foot of his bed. She had a weakness for patchouli, and delighted in hearing her master's lady-friends sing; but invariably closed their mouths with her paw if they attempted a note too high for them.

Grains of Gold.

Indecision is the greatest robber on the face of the earth.

Every sin is an avenger on the track of the man who commits it.

A self-made man generally manages to spoil his job somewhere.

As long as a good man is good he will be continually growing better.

Some people are afraid to become good for fear their joys will all be lost.

The chronic fault-finder has a devilish spirit, whether he knows it or not.

Sin will sink a millionaire as deep as it will the man who isn't worth a cent.

For a steady thing the light of a tallow dip is better than that of sky rocket.

The only opinions that weigh much are those we have the courage to express.

The thing we grumble about is often the one that is doing the most for our good.

There are more than a thousand ways in which some people can tell other that they are proud.

There wouldn't be so many people opposed to the Bible if it were not opposed to their vices.

There are people who want to do good until they sit down and count the cost. Then they back out.

More people would be happy to-day if they would stop worrying about the troubles of to-morrow.

One of two things is true. We either give according to our means or according to our meanness.

The moment a man finds out he has been making a fool of himself he has learned something valuable.

Whenever a bird goes to fly, it looks up, but some men shut their eyes whenever they take an important step.

Femininities.

Justifiable homicide—sleighing some other fellow's sister.

No face, however beautiful, can ever atone for a neglected education.

Glass salt cups are covered with silver wire traced in a pretty pattern.

The sword of Cortes will be among Mexico's exhibit at the World's Fair.

Glory Hallelujah Jones is the imposing name of a Mississippi colored person.

Milk, applied once a week with a soft cloth, is reputed to freshen and preserve boots and shoes.

A bonbon dish of gold wire with a spoon of twisted wire is a pleasing novelty for a luncheon table.

Ross Williams, 15 years old, of Martin's Ferry, Virginia, weighs 310 pounds and stands 5 feet 9 inches in height.

Spex: "Didn't you marry a Boston woman?" Hillow: "No, but I did the next thing to it. I married a Miss Bean."

When you see a man that's very much inflated you mustn't jump at the conclusion that it's because his wife blows him up.

A somewhat ambiguous advertisement in a recent issue of a daily paper announces that "a second-hand girl's side-saddle is for sale."

A woman died in the poorhouse at Shoerness, England, recently, who was born in the institution in 1801, and had lived there all her life.

Nell: "I think it is nice to be married on one's birthday, don't you?" Kate: "I don't know. I have known it to bring bad luck. Look at Eve!"

May: "Is Mr. Foster as attentive as ever to you?" Edith: "Yes; but he's a perfect riddle!" May: "Hadn't you better give him up then?"

Mrs. Laker: "It isn't considered at all binding on the clergyman in Chicago to kiss the bride." Mrs. Bleeker: "Doesn't he ever do it?" Mrs. Laker: "Yes, sometimes: if he hasn't married her for quite a long time."

She: "The jeweler says the diamond in my ring is not genuine." He: "Um—or—he told me the ring was real gold. I forgot to ask him about the stone."

A recent advertisement in an English country paper reads: "For sale—A bull terrier dog, two years old. Will eat anything; very fond of children. Apply at this office."

At Lexington, Miss., the postoffice and telegraph office are in charge of a woman, and the chief express agent is a woman, and her two assistants are women.

Crackers are henceforth to be kept in a silver jar instead of a china one, by the elite. The jar closes with a clasp and stands upon four legs of its own. It is decorated with designs of wheat, oats and barley.

The handles of pie knives have appeared in the form of Spanish daggers—not very sharp, of course, nor very pointed. When the Spanish dagger is not used the handle of a Turkish scimitar holds sway.

"Take something with me," said one laboring man to another, heading him toward a saloon. "Take something from your wife and children, you mean," replied the other, and the first man blushed and looked ashamed.

Beware of three women. The one who does not love children, the one who does not love flowers, and she who openly declares she does not like other women. There is something wanting in such, and in all probability its place is supplied by some unlovely trait.

Instead of a doily underneath each plate very delicate mats of gold wire are to be used by those who are always on the lookout for something unique. These delicate, open-work affairs are not at all like the *lacy* familiar to childhood days, nor would they be distinguished at a casual glance from doilies of heavy yellow cord.

The fad for photography has taken possession of the dinner table. Scenes in illustrating last summer's "outings" are photographed upon the drinking glasses. Photographs of the family pets are upon the plates and cups and saucers. Upon the doilies and napkins there are photographed cosy corners and picturesque spots in the house.

She, triumphantly: "Some of the greatest women of the world—Harriet Martineau, Sarah Martin, Florence Nightingale, Queen Elizabeth and others—never married. What do you think of that?" He: "I think it not unlikely that a woman who wishes to become famous will succeed better without a husband than with one. If you have that ambition I will—or—release——" She, hastily: "Oh, no, no, indeed. I—I hate fame."

Mrs. McVapid is considered very obtuse by those intimately acquainted with her. One morning she called to her little boy who was playing in the front yard: "Tommy, go down to the grocer's and bring me a pound of starch." "I haven't got time to go down to the grocer's and get a pound of starch. It's most school-time now." "Is that so?" said Mrs. McVapid with a troubled look; then brightening up, she added: "Well, then, run down and get only half a pound." Tommy complied with the compromise, was late at school, and his teacher took the starch out of him with a cane.

Masculinities.

Don't whip your boy for smoking if your mouth is full of tobacco.

Don't put yourself in the power of a man who never speaks kindly of anybody.

The first thing with men is the side they take; the second, the arguments for it.

The newest athletic exercise recommended for girls and women is turning somersaults.

A boy never looks in the glass to see if his face is clean after he has washed it; he look for the dirt on the towel.

You can't judge of the value of a man by his talk any more than you can judge of the value of the tree by its bark.

A hash of scrambled eggs, red peppers and pickled cucumbers is now regarded as a great brace in the fashionable clubs.

Why are tailors supposed to be good judges of human nature?—Because they can take any man's measure the first time they see him.

Henry Morgan, of China Grove township, North Carolina, is 75 years old, and he makes the proud boast that he has never needed the services of a physician.

"I wish I were an ostrich!" said Hicks angrily, as he tried to eat one of his wife's biscuits and couldn't. "I wish you were," replied Mrs. Hicks. "I'd get a few feathers for my hat."

"Yes," said Pitcher, "she is the most confiding, innocent little fool you ever heard of. Three times the old man has gone to bed in his hat, and she thinks it one of the customs of his lodge."

Jasper: "What mighty problem are you thinking so hard about?" Jumpupp: "I am trying to decide if a man happened to be killed in a French duel whether his death should be described as a murder or as an accident."

In order to get an enemy, lend a man a small sum of money for a day. Call upon him in a week for it. Wait two months. In three months insist upon his paying you. He will get angry, denounce you, and ever after speak of you in abusive terms.

Aristocratic circles in Berlin are excited over the suicide of a young noble officer and his fiancee. Some objection was raised to the match. A drive was arranged, and the young lady telegraphed to the officer: "Bring potsem or a revolver." They drove to a hotel and were dead in a few minutes.

A novel sensation—Miss Centmilles: "No, Mr. Cashless. Why did you imagine I would marry you?" Charley Cashless: "I never thought so." Miss Centmilles: "Then, why did you ask me?" Charley Cashless: "I wanted to see how a man feels who has just lost a hundred thousand dollars."

A new fancy of rich hostesses is sending carriages to their friends when they entertain. This is really a splendid move on the part of the wealthy New York women. It saves the aristocratic poor the embarrassment of attempting an affair by means of horse car, and, even worse, the elevated railroad.

A young man in Tuskaloosa, Alabama, who is matrimonially inclined, advertised for a wife who is willing to marry him on his income of $10 a month. He will also allow her $50 a year for dresses and hats. Philadelphia young women are, however, barred, as the offer is only open to women who reside in the State of Alabama.

A Mr. Sherwood, of Baltimore, was strongly opposed to the marriage of his daughter, Ella, to Mr. J. F. Langdon, so when the marriage was solemnized on Saturday, the bride and groom had the irate parent locked up in a police station. When Mr. Sherwood was released Mr. and Mrs. Langdon were on their way to New York.

Here is a short sermon by a woman, though not preached from a pulpit. It is a good one, and is pretty sure to hit you somewhere, whatever may be your age and circumstances: "The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to a child, a good example; to your father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men charity."

A young exquisite who thought an eye-glass would improve his appearance, went into an optician's, and was a long time trying to find one to suit him. None of them would do; they were either too strong or too weak for his sight. At length he found one that was just right, and enquired the price. Surprised at the selection he had made, the optician after looking at him in blank astonishment, ventured to ask what number of glass he would like for the frame he had picked out.

A facetious gentleman, who has suffered, thinks the modern recipe for a party is the following: "Take all the ladies and gentlemen you can get, put them into a room with a small fire and stew them well; have ready a piano, a handful of prints and drawings, and throw them in from time to time as the mixture thickens; sweeten with politeness, and season with wit, if you have any; if not flattery will do as well, and is very cheap: when all have stewed for an hour, add teas, jellies, cakes, lemonades, and wines."

EASTERTIDE.

With the arrival of this festival, Spring may be said to throw her first bright smile upon the world.

Commemorating the Resurrection of the Saviour, the term Easter has its origin in the old Saxon verb oster, to rise.

Other authorities, which are perhaps deserving of some credence, trace the derivation of the word to the old Teutonic festival of the goddess Ostara, who was regarded by the early Saxons as the personification of the morning, or the opening of the year. The name of the month of April, according to the Anglo-Saxons, was Estormonath, and it seems quite feasible that, as a pagan rite, the worship of this particular goddess may have been utilised by the early preachers of Christianity, for the purpose of disseminating the new faith. It was a festival of gladness at the awakening of Nature from her long, cold, wintry sleep; and the bursting into new life with the rising of the sun of the heavens, became significant of the rolling away of the stone, and the rising of Christ.

Concerning the observances and customs associated with this festival, they appear to be simple, without being numerous. Not to touch the present ritual of the Church in either of its great divisions, it may just be noted that one of the earliest ceremonies was the illuminating of all sacred edifices with "paschal tapers," the huge proportions of some being remarkable, inasmuch as they are said to have weighed from two to three hundred pounds. To these mighty flambeaux have been traced the origin of the bonfire which in many places signalises the festival.

At a period anterior to the Norman Conquest the celebration of Easter lasted for many days; after that event, the length of the jubilee was much curtailed. The rite of baptism was generally performed at this period, as a matter of preference. Slaves were given their freedom in the sense of an oblation; it was the season of almsgiving, and of feasting the poor and needy in the churches. In addition to this, all sorts of outdoor sports, exercises, and exhibitions were indulged in. Even the clergy used to take part in these indulgences, which often led to grave scandal, although it was held to be quite legitimate for the people to give themselves up to the fullest enjoyment, so much so that the festive day was called the Sunday of Joy.

The most distinctive, however, of all the features connected with this festival, and which, having descended to our own day, is most widely diffused and practised, is the mutual presentation of Pasch, or Easter eggs. The only signification which such a custom can have would seem to be that the egg is symbolical of the natural revivification which occurs at this period of the year, when mother earth opens her bosom to the young life that is within. Be this, however, as it may, the Easter egg is an institution in all Christian countries, and even among the Jews they are used in connection with the Feast of the Passover.

In France, especially, it is the custom to stain the eggs with variously tinted dyes, and present them among friends as tokens of good will. Some are artificially made so as to contain sweetmeats, mottoes, etc., and this form of reciprocity is encouraged amongst old and young, and in all sections of society.

In Scotland and Ireland, where national customs are preserved with wonderful vitality, the Easter egg is particularly acknowledged. In the former country, in the wilder districts, it is the custom for youths to go out into the moorlands and search for the eggs of wild-fowl early on Easter morn, success being regarded as a token of good luck.

In Ireland the peasantry arise before the break of day, so that they may be in time "to see the sun dance," and whether they fancy that the phenomenon is or is not performed by old Sol, certain it is they come home to breakfast, prepared to take their revenge out of the spoils of the hen-roost.

A custom, quite distinct from any other, prevails in Lancashire, Cheshire, and the northern counties of England at Eastertide. It is that of "heaving," or "lifting." It is rather a rude experience for young ladies who may chance to be caught in the streets on Easter Monday between the hours of nine and twelve in the forenoon, to find themselves surrounded by a party of eight or ten young men, and, despite entreaty or resistance, be "lifted" shoulder high three times, and then kissed all round!

Such is, however, the custom, and though it is one which would be "more honored in the breach than the observance," it nevertheless prevails. On Easter Tuesday the ladies, if so disposed, may retaliate; and it may easily be imagined that a certain section of the feminine community—those, to wit, who would have been least likely to suffer on the previous day—would be disposed to take advantage of the time, and give the "hoisting" where they are least desired.

AUTOMATIC PHOTOGRAPHY.

The rapid extension of those automatic machines which, for a small coin dropped into a slot, yield in return matches, postcards, cigarettes, sweetmeats, scent, photographs of celebrities, etc.; or register correct weight, height, strength, or lung-power, call for no special comment on our part.

Hardly a railway station or place of popular resort where the public may have a few unoccupied minutes of waiting, but is furnished with one or more of the latest products of mechanical genius, offering its various wares in exchange for a trifling fee.

Report has it that these inventions produce handsome returns, and certainly the low working expenses incurred should conduce to render them a good investment for their proprietors.

A new form of Automatic Machine has recently been perfected, and should shortly be in active operation, which, as regards the complicated process it performs automatically, far surpasses anything yet achieved in this branch of mechanical science. The new automaton will take instantaneous photographs, delivering finished prints of the same in forty-five seconds. Such a result, more especially when secured for the trifling sum of one penny, may well be considered marvelous.

The process may be briefly sketched. The patron of this latest mechanical triumph, after duly placing his penny in the slot provided for the purpose, takes his hand in front of the lens, fitted into a substantial box, and adjusts his position by a small looking-glass placed above the lens.

He leans against a post or rail placed some three feet from the machine, and in about five seconds the ringing of a bell announces the completion of his sitting, whilst forty seconds subsequently his photograph is delivered to him by the machine, requiring only half a minute's exposure to the sun or a lighted match to dry and finish it.

An additional halfpenny placed in another slot procures a frame for the photograph thus obtained. The prints are on tin plate, and measure one inch and a half, each machine being constructed to furnish five hundred prints before requiring replenishing.

The exact processes through which the plate passes from the time of its exposure to that of its delivery to the purchaser are not made public, forming, in fact, along with the precise nature of the chemicals employed, the patents and secret of the invention. Suffice it to point out that it may be assumed that the developing, fixing, and working incidental to all photographic reproduction are carried out by mechanical arrangements inside the box carrying the lens, which forms the "dark room" for these operations.

A recent public demonstration of this wonderful piece of mechanism is stated to have furnished results in every particular most satisfactory; and certainly the inventor, who must have had many difficulties to contend against in grappling with the problem of dealing with several complicated processes without human manipulation, deserves success.

Doubtless, our readers will have an opportunity themselves of experimenting with this latest development of photographic and automatic science.

The following is told by a pastor of a village church about eight miles from Boston. He was sitting in his library one evening recently when a knock at the door came. He answered, and found a couple who desired to be united in matrimony. The pastor asked them into his parlor and performed the marriage ceremony, after which the groom handed him a sealed envelope, supposed to have contained the usual compensation. The happy couple departed, and the reverend gentleman opened the envelope and found the following note: "If she turns out as well as I think she will I will come back and pay you for your services."

Why suffer with asthma when the famous Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure you.

NAMES OF FABRICS.—Many kinds of drapery and carpets and such things possess old English names which are used, more or less corrupted, throughout the world. The origin of these names is given by Sir George Birdwood as follows:

Damask is from the city of Damascus; satin from Zaytown, in China; calico from Calcutta, and muslin from Mosul. Buckram derived its name from Bokhara; fustian comes from Fostat, a city of the Middle Ages, from which the modern Cairo is descended. Taffetta and tabby from a street in Bagdad. Cambric is from Cambrai.

Gauze has its name from Gaza; baize from Bajae; dimity from Damietta, and jeans from Jaen. Drugget is derived from a city in Ireland, Drogheda. Duck, from which Tucker-street, in Bristol, is named, comes from Torque, in Normandy.

Diaper is not from D'Ypres, but from the Greek diapron, figured. Velvet is from the Italian vellute, woolly (Latin, vellus—a hide or pelt). Shawl is the Sanscrit, sala, floor, for shawls were first used as carpets and tapestry. Bandana is from an Indian word, meaning to bind or tie, because they are tied in knots before dyeing. Chintz comes from the Hindoo word chett. Delaine is from the French "of wool."

WORKING DAYS.—The following figures, compiled by a Polish statistician, shows the standard number of working days per annum in various countries. The inhabitants of Central Russia, as might be expected, labor fewest days in the year, namely, 267. Then comes Canada, with 270, following by Scotland, with 275; England, 275; Portugal, 283; Russian Poland, 288; Spain, 290; Austria, and the Russian Baltic provinces, 295; Italy, 296; Bavaria, Belgium, Brazil and Luxemburg, 300; Saxony, France, Finland, Wurtemburg, Switzerland, Denmark and Norway, 302; Sweden, 304; Prussia and Ireland, 305; United States, 306; Holland, 308, and Hungary, 312.

It will be observed from this that, while the Canadian working man has only to toil, statutably, 270 days out of 365, he frequently crosses the boundary line into the United States, where he is expected to labor for 306.

The Irishman and the Prussian are in the same category, with 305 days, or 30 days more than the Englishman and the Scotsman.

You need not be afraid of the twinge of rheumatism when you have Salvation Oil.

DISCOURTESY REBUKED.—A Boston paper tells this story of a quiet town in central Massachusetts. Two of the law-students, on a certain Sabbath, strayed into the church, where they were strangers. They walked the whole length to the pulpit, and not a single pew was opened, nor a single seat offered to them. With quiet dignity they turned, marched out again, went about a mile to the school, and then, returning with chairs, made their appearance in the aisle. They had no trouble after that in finding open doors in that church.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia, Premier Artists IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to nock.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 19, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 6th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

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PENSIONS

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THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney,
P. O. Box 463. Washington, D. C.

Honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who served ninety days, or over, in the late war, are entitled, if now partially or wholly disabled for ordinary manual labor, whether disability was caused by service or not, and regardless of their pecuniary circumstances.

WIDOWS of such soldiers and sailors are entitled (if not remarried) whether soldier's death was due to army service or not, if now dependent upon their own labor for support. Widows not dependent upon their own labor are entitled if the soldier's death was due to service.

CHILDREN are entitled (if under sixteen years) in almost all cases where there was no widow, or she has since died or remarried.

PARENTS are entitled if soldier **left neither widow nor child**, provided soldier **died in service, or from effects of service**, and they are **now dependent** upon their own labor for support. It makes no difference whether soldier served or died in late war or in regular army or navy.

Soldiers of the late war, pensioned under one law, may apply for **higher rates under other laws, without losing any rights.**

Thousands of soldiers drawing from $3 to $10 per month under the **old law** are entitled to **higher rates** under **new law**, not only on account of disabilities for which now pensioned, but also for others, **whether due to service or not.**

Soldiers and sailors disabled in line of duty in **regular army or navy since the war** are also entitled, whether discharged for disability or not.

Survivors, and their widows, of the **Black Hawk, Creek, Cherokee and Seminole or Florida Indian Wars of 1832 to 1842, are entitled under a recent act.**

Mexican War soldiers and their widows also entitled, if sixty-two years of age or disabled or dependent.

Old claims completed and settlement obtained, whether pension has been granted under later laws or not.

Rejected claims reopened and settlement secured, if rejection improper or illegal.

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Send us at once a photograph or tintype of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make from same one of our **enlarged life-like** portraits (together with frame complete), **ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE.** This offer is made in order to introduce our portraits and frames in your vicinity, for one of our fine portraits placed in your home will do us more good than any other advertisement. This offer is made IN **GOOD FAITH**, and we will forfeit **ONE HUNDRED** dollars to anyone sending us a photograph and not securing his portrait and frame **FREE** as per this offer. We guarantee the return of your photos, so have no fear of losing it. Address all your letters to **Brooklyn Art Union,** 627 Marcy Ave., cor. Hall St., Brooklyn, N. Y. References: all banks and Express Co's, in New York and Brooklyn.

Put your name and address back of photos.

THE GREATEST SEMINARY.—The fireside is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because of the education it bestows being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life.

There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of the hearth. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection; its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory. But the simple lessons of home, enamelled upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the more mature but less vivid pictures of after days.

So deep, so lasting, indeed, are the expressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age holding, fresh in his recollection the events of childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour is a blasted and forgotten waste. You have perchance seen an old and half-obliterated portrait, and in the attempt to have it cleaned and restored you would have seen it fade away, while a brighter and more perfect picture, painted beneath, is revealed to view.

This portrait, first drawn upon the canvass, is no inapt illustration of youth; and though it may be concealed by some ofter design, still the original traits will shine through the outward picture, giving it tone while fresh, and surviving it in decay. Such is the fireside—the great institution furnished by Providence for the education of man.

A SCOTTISH BEGGAR IN THE OLDEN TIME.—This man, who flourished in the West of Scotland, was known under the familiar cognomen of Cabbage Charlie. He was a mendicant on a wholesale plan of operation. Not contented with his own simple exertions he kept a numerous band of beggars in pay, who went abroad as his servants throughout the country, and who, coming back to the appointed rendezvous at the end of the week, gave up all the proceeds of their industry to him, and received a certain allowance, previously agreed upon, amounting to from ten to fifteen shillings per week. By a talent that might not have disgraced more celebrated names, he contrived to organize and reduce to a perfect system what would appear almost impractiable considering the habits of those with whom he had to deal. He even found means of detecting the smallest dishonesty on the part of his men, and he acquired such a strange influence over them that they durst make no romonstrance against the severity of his rules nor complain of the penalties and taxes to which he sometimes subjected them.

JAPANESE HOUSE MATS.—Japanese house mats, says Miss Bird in her work on Japan, are as neat, refined, and soft a covering for the floor as the finest Axminster carpet. They are five feet nine inches long, three feet broad, and two and a half inches thick. The frame is solidly made of coarse straw, and with very fine woven matting, as nearly white as possible, and each mat is usually bound with dark blue cloth. Temples and rooms are measured by the number of mats they contain, and rooms must be built for the mats, as they are never cut to the rooms. They are always level with the polished grooves or ledges which surround the floor. They are soft and elastic, and the finer qualities are very beautiful. They are as expensive as the best Brussels carpet, and the Japanese take great pride in torm, and are much aggrieved by the way in which some thoughtless foreigners stamp over them with dirty boots.

A HINT TO PARENTS.—Many persons when told never to punish a child in anger, reply, "Then we should never punish them at all, if we did not do it while we are angry." Very well, be it so; a blow struck in anger has made more inmates of our prisons than almost anything else. How many boyish wanderers from the parental roof can trace their ultimate ruin from it! How many women, who have lost all semblance of womanhood, can date their first downward steps from this cruel, maddening, discouraged moment! Oh, never strike your child in anger! The bitter resentment and heart-burnings which it causes is the seed of that deadly night-shade—despair. A little patience (and how much your Heavenly Father has had with you!)—a little love (and how freely have you received it from Him!) and your child's waywardness will disappear, and your old age be blessed, instead of being remorseful.

FLORENCE—"That Miss Howard must be very popular. She said she had three proposals in one evening." Bertha—"That's just one of her tricks. I'll bet that it was that stuttering Tom Burton, and he always says everything over three times."

WHAT THE THUMB DOES.—Have you noticed that when you want to take hold of anything—a bit of thread, we will say—that it is always the thumb who puts himself forward, and that he is always on one side by himself, while the rest of the fingers are on the other? If the thumb is not helping, nothing stops in your hand, and you don't know what to do with it. Try, by way of experiment, to carry your spoon to your mouth without putting your thumb to it, and you will see what a long time it will take you to get through with a poor little plateful of broth. The thumb is placed in such a manner on your hand that it can face each of the other fingers; one after the other or all together, as you please, and by this we are enabled to grasp, as with a pair of pincers, all objects, whether large or small. Our hands owe their perfection of usefulness to this happy arrangement, which has been bestowed on no other animal except the monkey, our nearest neighbor.

HAPPINESS.—The true secret of happiness lies in contriving to be continually pleased rather than highly pleased, and this is best effected by providing constant employment for our time. Business and those preparations for pleasure which partake of the nature of business, as requiring long contrivance and application, are more productive of enjoyment than pleasure itself. Nor is it the least distinguishing mark of difference between the civilished man and the savage, that the one spends his days in idleness and gaping, unless while fighting with man or beast, whereas the other has a multitude of employments to busy himself upon.

MR. SLIMPURSE—"People say that a young couple can get along very nicely nowadays on a small income, if the—er—wife is of a practical turn of mind." Sweet Girl—"Oh, I'm real practical. My favorite piano piece is an imitation of a spinning wheel."

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14 K GOLD double plated.
Watch, Bow and Swivel

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NEXT-OF-KIN WANTED.

THE Male Children of JOHN GUY—who left Ireland a great many years ago, and who in the year 1865 resided at New Carlisle, Miami County, Ohio, to the United States of America—should communicate at once with the undersigned Solicitor, stating as fully as possible the proofs of their identity.

A Residuary Legacy has been left to them, and must be claimed within a limited time.

Dated 31st day of January, 1883.

PATRICK MAXWELL, Solicitor,
Londonderry, Ireland.

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A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant, richly jeweled, gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any $25.00 gold watch, pay our sample price $3.50, and it is yours. We send with the watch our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you tell us where the sale of us we will give you ONE FREE. Write at once as we shall send out samples for 60 days only.
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ADVICE TO DYSPEPTICS.
CONTENTS: Dyspepsia and its causes. Experience of a sufferer. Liver complaint a twin disorder. Constipation a result of dyspepsia. Food to be taken. Food to be avoided. Mailed free to any address. John H. McAlvin, Lowell, Mass., 14 years City Treas.

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GUNNELL'S MONTHLY, Toledo, Ohio.

PRIZES FOR BRIGHT PEOPLE

IF YOU are one of the bright ones and can read the above rebus you may receive a reward which will pay you many times over for your trouble. The proprietor of the BUFFALO SUNDAY TRUTH offers a first-class

UPRIGHT PIANO,

valued at $375.00, to the person who sends the first correct solution of the above rebus, a reward of a handsome Ladies' or Gentleman's SOLID GOLD WATCH, valued at $60.00; to the person who sends in the second correct solution; a reward of a pair of genuine DIAMOND EAR-RINGS for the third correct solution; a reward of an elegant SWISS MUSIC BOX for each of the next three correct solutions; a handsome SILK DRESS PATTERN (16 yards) for each of the next three correct solutions.

OUR GUARANTEE OF GOOD FAITH.

BUFFALO, N. Y., January 18, 1883.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: This is to certify that we have this day contracted with the proprietor of the BUFFALO SUNDAY TRUTH to furnish him one of our $375 pianos to be awarded as first prize in the prize competition to be offered by the SUNDAY TRUTH. (Signed) GEO. F. BERGE, SON & CO.

Every one sending a solution must enclose with the same fifty cents (in two-cent stamps) for a three months' trial subscription to the BUFFALO SUNDAY TRUTH, BUFFALO'S HIGH-CLASS ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER. The envelope which contains correct solution bearing first post-mark will receive first reward, and the balance in order as received. All letters must pass through the mails as post-mark is given precedence.

For the correct solution received last is offered a SAFETY BICYCLE; for the next to the last will be given an elegant, genuine DIAMOND RING; for the third from the last will be awarded a handsome GOLD WATCH; for the fourth to the last a SWISS MUSIC BOX; for the fifth, sixth and seventh from the last will be awarded a SILK DRESS PATTERN (16 yards).

ADDITIONAL PRIZES consisting of Silverware, complete sets of Dickens' Works, and many other useful and valuable prizes will be awarded to every person sending in correct solutions. Names of those receiving rewards will be published in our paper at close of competition. All answers must be mailed on or before April 1st, 1883.

The object in offering this prize rebus is to attract attention to and introduce our publication into new homes. THIS SHOULD NOT BE CLASSED WITH CATCH-PENNY AFFAIRS. We have been established for ten years and you can easily ascertain as to our reliability by inquiring through any commercial agency. *Perfect impartiality is guaranteed in giving the rewards.* Address Rebus Department,

The Sunday Truth, Buffalo, N. Y.

Every Successful Contestant Must Become a Yearly Subscriber.

PUGET SOUND Is the Coming Great Country, and the Pacific Coast Terminus of the Great Northern Railway is inevitably its Greatest City. FAIRHAVEN Finest location, best harbor, greatest resources and most substantial growth. Investments placed through us now are on a basis that insures a PROFIT OF FROM 100 TO 300 PER CENT in the next two years. Our Inside Water Front Property, close to the business center, at from $200 TO $250 per lot on EASY TERMS, Cannot be equalled as a SAFE AND RAPID MONEY-MAKING proposition. We also negotiate choice Mortgage Loans and Municipal Securities. We are willing to guarantee any investment placed by us for a share of the profits. Highest Eastern and Western Bank References. For Maps, Pamphlets, etc., address the

WASHINGTON IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, Fairhaven, Washington.

Humorous.

A FAIRY TALE.

The young prince married the maiden fair,
I read in this touching tale;
She had turquoise eyes and golden hair,
And she dwelt in a lonely dale.

He carried her off to his castle high,
With a pair of milk-white steeds,
And the bodies of seven giants lie
To attest his doughty deeds.

One wonder more, and the book is shut,
And my worldly doubts prevail:—
"And they lived happily ever after"—but it
Was only a fairy tale!

—O. H. ROSE.

Still Ahead.

"And so you think heaven is like Boston?"

"Well, I did think so, but you know Boston has improved a great deal in the last 20 years."

The best thing out—an aching tooth.

It is natural that a spanking breeze should be followed by squalls.

Women live for each other—that is, for the love of criticism of each other.

When is a flock of sheep like our delightful climate?—When it is composed of all wethers.

A contemporary gives an account of a man who "blew his brains out after bidding his wife good-bye with a gun."

Mother: "Was that you making such a noise outside this morning?"

Young son: "No'm. Harlow and I were trying to see who could holler the loudest, and Harlow beat me."

Blobbs: "Some men are tremendously proud of the amount they can drink."

Wigwag: "Yes, I saw a fellow this morning whose head was awfully swelled because he'd had sixteen cocktails."

Customer: "This picture of a blizzard is very good. It—"

Art dealer: "Good! It is so natural that we have to hang the thermometer in the other end of the store to keep the mercury from freezing."

Mrs. McBride, as her husband comes in at 4 A. M.: "Where have you been so late? I'm tired waiting up for you!"

McBride: "You should have gone to bed two hours ago, my dear. Doctors say woman need two hours more sleep than men."

Teacher: "Who was the wisest man that ever lived?"

Boy: "Samson."

Teacher: "No; he was the strongest. If Samson had been wise, he would not have let his wife cut his hair."

Boy: "That's so. He'd gone to a barber."

"Lawrence, my dear," said his wife, wreathed in smiles; "I wish you had been to church this morning! Mr. Jones was very interesting, and when he prayed for the absent ones—"

"Well, that accounts for it, then. I haven't caught such a string of fish for a year as I did this morning."

"I had to be away from school yesterday," said Tommy.

"You must bring an excuse," said the schoolteacher.

"Who from?"

"Your father."

"He ain't no good at making excuses; ma catches him every time!"

The next day after the wedding. "I suppose, Henry," said the old gentleman to the new son-in-law, "that you are aware the check for $5000 I put among your wedding presents was merely for effect!" "Oh, yes, sir," responded the cheerful Henry; "and the effect was excellent. The bank cashed it this morning without a word."

The day was a warm one and the gentleman from Kentucky was coming up from the spring at the foot of the hill with a bucket in his hand.

"Ah, colonel," inquired an Ohio visitor, sitting on the porch, "have you something to drink in that pail?"

"Oh, no," responded the colonel; "it's water, sah."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

In the decalogue of fashion this season there is no "thou shalt not" and no "thou shalt." On the contrary, it reads, "Do as you please, wear what you like best, and have it made in any style between this and the deluge—only look pretty in it."

In the windows now one sees bunches of violets, wreaths of them, baskets and festoons of them, until you think you smell their fragrance as you stand gazing with one foot on a snow heap and the other in a mud puddle. In fact, there are so many violets in so many stores, the number of them surpassing that of all others 100 to 1, that one comes to the conclusion that violets are to be the flowers of the season, just as sweet peas were of last. These windows look like fairy bowers and are more beautiful than one can tell, with their rich coloring of purple and green.

Purple and green, by the way, are often seen—not a raging, violet purple like that affected by the Italian women, but a modified shade—heliotrope, mayhe, violet, lilac or the hazy shade of the morning sky. All these shades are combined with all the shades of yellow or of green, but they are carefully done, with nature as the master.

I saw a hat—oh, a dream of a hat! It was of fine black lace and narrow black velvet ribbon, and on it was a regularly gathered and tied up bunch of pink moss rosebuds and violets. Just think of putting pink and violet together! Yet, with the tender moss on the buds and the green hearts of violet leaves, there was no clash of color. All was the most exquisite harmony. If nature is studied and her lessons learned, there can be no mistake even on an Easter bonnet.

Another thing just now gives opportunity for beautiful harmonies in color, and that is the design in the challies and sateens. Natural flowers are reproduced as exactly almost as an artist does in painting, and the effect is so pleasing that the eye rests on them with keen delight. One dark, reddish brown challie had the most exquisite blues, pink and blue, scattered sparingly over it. Another of a soft greenish white had trailing pond lilies, natural size, and how cool and pretty a gown that will make in summer one can imagine when trimmed with lace and loops of moss green velvet ribbons.

A challie that was made up and in a window also gained my approbation. It had a pattern of Scotch thistles in natural color. The gown itself was plain in make, belted in by plaid ribbon, which formed one loop and two long ends. The ribbon contained the colors of the thistle. The neck was finished with a deep frill and jabot of point de gene lace, and the sleeves were frilled with the same. Challie is so deliciously soft and fine that it appeals to every one, and it drapes as beautifully as crape.

JOSEPHINE GOWN AND SATIN DINNER DRESS.

The new zephyr and lace ginghams are as soft as the challies, and I think the prettiest are those in ombre stripes.

There are some magnificent white brocade silks, and some satin dress patterns with designs worked out in gold and silver embroidery. A Josephine gown for handsome evening wear was of white and silver brocade, with moss green velvet puffed sleeves and sash. Around the bottom was a silver ribbon with green velvet leaves.

A satin embroidered costume was most elegant. The gown was cut en princesse, be embroidered front slashed over embroidered black tulle. The train was of satin, and the sleeves were "angels" made of Spanish lace. The embroidery was of black, gold and silver. The manner of dressing the hair added piquancy to the whole costume, which was particularly graceful.

Among the newest materials put forward this season is a demier pointille de lore, which is a crepon with checks and bright colored dots on a plain ground. There is a changeable diagonal which takes four different shades in different lights. It does not wear well, however, shrinking up in the dampness. Another wool ground has silk tracery all over it in oriental design. This also looks better than it wears.

There are several styles of bayadere stripes, which are reversible and may become popular, but the silk diagonal is silk and wool, overshot with oriental colorings, and this is lovely and will be durable.

There are two or three new ideas in rops and grosgrains and bengalines, but they are really more suitable for wraps than dress goods.

Odds and Ends.

SOMETHING NEAT IN EMBROIDERY.

Most amateur workers—indeed, nearly all at this time of year—seek some kind of embroidery that involves them in a very small amount of trouble while giving a good result.

Daisy embroidery is essentially work for pleasant days. It is executed generally upon soft white muslin, which has a pattern on it of a spotted character. It is these spots round which, literally, the embroidery centres, but it is of little consequence whether they be disposed on the muslin in regular rows, whether they be arranged in triplets or pairs, or interspersed with other and more straggling or leafy patterns.

The object of the worker is to convert the spots into flowers which more or less resemble daisies—hence the name "daisy" embroidery. Such spots as are scattered regularly over the muslin are the easiest to manage.

Each one, unless the space between them is too small to allow of more than the alternate dot being thus treated, has to be surrounded by five, six, or eight—the number being regulated by space again—daisy or picot stitches.

These stitches are very easily and quickly worked, for they consist merely of single loops of chain-stitch, caught down at the top with a straight stitch, varying in length according to the size of the flower and the effect it is wished to produce.

If the loops are large, a single straight stitch, worked with some other color, is placed in the middle of each loop; and, if the loops are still larger, a rich appearance may be gained by working a second picot stitch inside the first and longer one.

If the spots are very small, straight spike stitches, all the same length and set at regular intervals round the centre, may be worked instead of the loops; and yet another plan is to make eight such stitches, four being longer than the others. When these spike stitches are used, they should, if possible, each be tipped with a small French knot or a dot of satin-stitch.

The muslin spot itself, which forms the centre of the flower, should be entirely covered with French knots, and, if there are sufficient of these to enable it to be done, they may be worked with two or three shades of the color chosen.

Sometimes satin stitch is employed for covering the spots, but the effect is not so good as that of French knots for the centre of the flowers.

The satin stitch is more appropriate for working upon those spots which have to be left between the daisies when the space is not sufficient to enable each one to be worked as a flower.

The daisies have the long, straight stitch in the middle of each picot, as above described, this being put in with pink, while the centres of the flowers are yellow.

White is almost invariably used for the rays of the daisies, filosolle being by most workers preferred to flax thread, though this serves well upon some materials.

Here is a way of working the flowers when the spots are scattered amongst the details of a leafy, branching pattern. In this case they are oval, not round, but are covered in the same way as before, with French knots. The rays of the flowers are worked with spike stitches, placed on each side of a straight line of split stitch.

A good effect may also be gained by working these sections with feather veining, such as is used in many kinds of linen embroidery for the midribs of leaves, and in similar places. As the pattern on the muslin itself is informal, it is not considered necessary that all the flowers should be worked exactly alike, but some may have seven, others five, others eight rays, according to the space that is available between the straggling leaves.

The muslin can be had made up into d'oyleys, handkerchief sachets, etc.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal Used Exclusively, Insuring Cleanliness and Comfort.

In Effect January 29, 1893.

DEPOT, NINTH AND GREEN STREETS.

Williamsport Fast Day Line—8.35 a m week-days.
Buffalo Day Express—9.00 a m daily.
Easton Flyer—3.55 p m week-days.
New England Night Express—6.40 p m, 124th and Chestnut sts., 6.20 p m daily.
Buffalo Night Line—8.25 p m daily.
Western Night Express—8.30 p m daily.
Williamsport Night Express—11.30 p m daily.

FOR BOSTON, via Poughkeepsie Bridge. New England Night Express (Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car) leaves Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets at 6.20 p m, and Ninth and Green streets at 6.40 p m every day.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, NIAGARA FALLS and CHICAGO, 9.00 a m, 8.20 and 9.30 p m daily. The 9.00 a m train has parlor cars to Buffalo, and the 9.30 p m train sleeping cars to Buffalo Niagara Falls and Toronto.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.10, 8.00, 9.30 a m, 12.40 noon, 2.00, 3.55, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.30 p m. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 a m, 6.45 and 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 8.30 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS

8.30 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Williamsport and Colebrookdale Branch.
9.10 a m for Reading and way points.
11.07 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
1.35 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Branch Roads.
4.35 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.
11.30 p m daily, Sleeping car line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.
SUNDAYS—9.05 a m Express, Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
11.45 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
3.40 p m—for Pottsville, Harrisburg, Byers, Barto and Allentown.
11.30 p m—Sleeping Car Line, Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

FOR NEW YORK.

ROYAL BLUE LINE,
Leave Twenty-fourth and Chestnut Streets.

3.55, 6.20, 8.20, 11.45 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 3.20, 6.20, 8.18 (dining car), p m. Sundays, 3.55, 8.40, 11.15 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 3.20, 6.20, 8.18 (dining car) p m.

Leave Ninth and Green Streets.

7.30 (Pier or two-hour fast line), 8.30, 9.30 a m, 1.30, 4.00, 5.15, 8.45 p m, 12.01 night. Sundays, 8.00, 10.30 a m, 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. And for Trenton, week-days, in addition to above, 2.30, 3.15, 5.45, 6.35, 11.15 p m, Sundays, 8.15 a m, 2.30, 10.15 p m. Bound Brook, week-days, 4.31 p m.

Close connections for New York are made at Wayne Junction with trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by local trains leaving Ninth and Green at 11.05 a m, 12.40, 2.15, 6.15, 8.02 p m. Sundays, 10.52 a m, 12.43, 5.15, 6.43, 8.00 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 7.45, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

DEPOT MARKET AND TWELFTH STS.

4.10 a m for Reading, Barto, Harrisburg, Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.
7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.
10 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.
12.45 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.
1.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Colebrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.
4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
5.20 for Reading and Pottsville.
6 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.
7.35 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.
SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg.
8.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.
8.35 a m for Reading and Downingtown.
5.20 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.
7.45 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves, Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 6.30 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.30 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.30 a m, 4.30 p m. Accommodation, 8.30 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.30 p m. Accommodation, 7.30 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Bridgeton week days, 8.00 am, 5.45 pm. Returning, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Mullica Hill, 8.30, 11.00 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.30 a m, 4.30 p m.

Clementon, 6.30 8.30 9.30, 11.00 a m, 3.00, 4.30, 5.45, 8.30, 7.30, 11.30 p m. Sundays, 8 a m, 1.45, 4.30 p m.

Blackwood and Cropwich, 6.30, 9.15, 11.30 a m, 2.30, 4.45, 8.30 p m, and 11.30 p m on Thursdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 6.30, 8.00 a m, 4.45, 8.30 p m.

For Lakewood, Vineland, Bridgeton, points on Maurice River Railroad, 8.30 a m, 4.00 p m.

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